THE COMMONWEAL

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REVIVING THE WORLD COURT

TO BEGIN with there was Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick's victory in anti-British Illinois, a week later came the more-or-less successful termination of the London conference, then there was a convention of the D. A. R. devoted principally to setting our foreign affairs in order: and so within a few weeks the subject of American adherence to the World Court, dead to controversy even before the great charge of the Methodist Church South dramatically turned our attention to home problems, has come alive again. Today it is somewhat more acceptable as news than the work of our commission in Haiti, though still inferior in this respect to the investigations of Senator Caraway's committee. Once more we hear of foreign guile and American innocence; again we are given the impression that the World Court is hardly a repository of international justice, but a species of power in which the boys all play their cards close to their stomachs (as the saying goes) but wickedly invite trusting Uncle Samuel to sit in on what is "just a friendly game."

Those who would resist this temptation to ruin make up in determination what they lack in numbers. On a Monday the President of the United States bearded the venerable D. A. R. by telling its assembled delegates that adherence to the Court is the settled policy of this country, and that it is only a question of time before it will be put into practice. On the following Wednesday they applauded attacks on the naval conference and the World Court, and the next day refrained only "out of courtesy to the President" from passing a resolution asking the Senate to reject the protocol which we framed as the condition of our adherence to the Court, and which fifty nations have already accepted.

We should attach more importance to such opposition if the objections raised had not all been completely answered by the reservations which are the approved means of our participation in the work of the Court. These have been the subject of discussion for more time than we care to think about, and they have never been effectively attacked. From the day when Mr. Hughes, as Secretary of State, first came out openly in support of the Court, they have been as zealously held to by its friends as even the D. A. R. could reasonably wish. There never has been a doubt that we might adhere to the Court without them, and to say at this late date that the Court involves a legal relationship between ourselves and the League of Nations,

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or the assumption of any obligation whatever by us under the Covenant of the League, or that the problem of advisory opinions has not been adjusted satisfactorily, is to say that in the language of Mr. Root, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes, "shall not" is an affirmative declaration.

As it is we are afraid that the agitation of Mrs. McCormick and the D. A. R. is nothing more than a sentimental impulse. Somehow American freedom from those dreadful European "entanglements" has become all mixed up with colonial furniture, old prints of Benjamin Franklin, antique hooked rugs, spinning wheels, ship models and eighteenth-century maps of the harbor of New York. To join the World Court, even under the innocuous Root formula, would be like inviting Grand Rapids to restock all the museums of the land. What else is one to gather from the eloquent speech of the chairman of the flag committee? Thus it reads: "In this time of unrest over the world, when work is being done to drag the United States into a tangle of European politics by way of the League of Nations or by way of the World Court or by a consultation pact or by any other means little or big, slight or important, to get us involved in European diplomacy or in European offensive or defensive operations, it is healthy to look back to the days of our Revolutionary fathers and mothers when the flag was born."

To such a statement it would be quite useless to reply that the World Court involves us in European affairs no more definitely than the Kellogg pact, the Washington Limitation Treaty of 1922, the Versailles treaty or the world war, during which, if we remember correctly, the D. A. R. could not easily be confused with the conscientious objectors. And perhaps equally useless to point out that our adherence has been an approved policy of four presidential administrations, and as things are going now, is likely to become a tradition, in which case the D. A. R. would have to support it, willy-nilly.

WEEK BY WEEK

WE HAVE no hesitation in dedicating this issue of The Commonweal to the interests of Catholic higher education in America. Youth has its obvious importance, but this matter of education is central in the whole of life and civilization. Human activity is ignited by the sparks which fly from the university anvil. In each of them the analyst may discern a creative principle, the germinative cell of some aspect of a generation. Strictly considered, a college or a research laboratory can be only a means to an end for the Church, forever concerned with a soul's ultimate salvation. Nevertheless religion concedes to every activity its own proper autonomy—to the farmer the business of raising his crops, and to the scholar his endeavor to learn the truth about something. Christianity itself, at least in its western history, has also leaned heavily upon university theologians and philosophers, thus recognizing their utility. Here in this country, two things are abundantly clear: first, the record of heroic sacrifice bequeathed to us by a succession of sturdy men who planted Catholic educational enterprise in the very earliest clearings made in the pioneer forests; secondly, the imperative nature of contemporary demands—the clamor of youth for training and intellectual guidance on the one hand, and the insufficiency of the answer on the other.

The Educational Future

PRECISELY because education is a business having its legitimate autonomy, it cannot be only a matter of good-will or high theoretic ends. A fisherman may be unstinting of his industry and devoted to the noble purpose of feeding his family; but unless there be fish in the lake and equipment to catch them with, he might as well spend his time twiddling his thumbs. And a university? It is well to remember that even Saint Thomas, however much vitality he may have brought to the University of Paris, did not make that University. It helped, rather, to make him. American Catholics, taking stock of their educational facilities and needs, may well reflect that while they have given generously to the school system they have not yet "realized" the college. Despite the thinking brought to bear upon the task by such effective leaders as Bishop Shahan and Father Burns, the job has never been summed up properly and without bias. Today we see the beginnings of one great move forward—the alignment of the alumni in support of the endeavor and in view of the future. Much excellent work is already being done by the organizations of men and women. It should ultimately prove possible for them to concentrate, if even for a moment, the attention of the whole Catholic body upon this fundamental problem, to be solved only with charity, intelligence and coöperative common sense.

Federated Alumnae

IN AN issue devoted to the furtherance of Catholic education it would be impossible to ignore the fine work which has been done by the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. This body, organized a short fifteen years ago, has enjoyed a slow, yet steady growth, which is a tribute to its founders, its officers and all who are associated with it. If the Federation had no other object than the higher education of the sisterhood, with the consequent elevation of the standards of secondary Catholic schools, its achievements would set a precedent in Catholic action. Yet the Federation has not stopped there. It is greatly responsible for the popularization of college education so that today the problem is not student material but one of providing for the flood of applicants. It has established numerous scholarships both for nuns and laywomen. It has established book, music and art clubs throughout the country. It

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has inaugurated a Catholic Press Hour in every federated school. It has reorganized the curriculum of the secondary schools so that credits meet a common requirement. It has established a board of review of motion pictures which is at once a guide to parent, teacher and pupil, and an agent to fight the salacious and meretricious in the cinema. It has engaged in special activities to aid the blind by issuing books in Braille. And lastly, it has united with other national Catholic organizations in undertakings, such as the protests against the recent religious persecution in Mexico, which characterize bodies alert in the defense and spread of truth. Other plans for the coming months will be pushed with similar vigor and judiciousness. In such apostolic work, the Federation reaps fruits that are not only very gratifying to its 80,000 members but also highly beneficial to the Catholic Church in America.

Advertising the Drought

THOUGH the kind of repartee indulged in before the Senate Lobby Committee has really not provided an excuse for canceling one's subscription to the New Yorker, it is in several ways a tribute to the discernment of Washington's canniest statesmen. During the hours devoted to the debate between Senator Caraway and Mr. Henry H. Curran, of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment, the defenses behind which the drys plan to retire became rather easy to explore. The scheme is something like this: the Amendment is a part of the constitution; opposition to that means war or treason; and, therefore, current opposition to drought is rebellion, which may eventually become a real civil war. Mr. Curran's answer to this—or rather, his plan of attack—was very simple. In five years, he declared, the people of the United States will quietly revise the constitution. There is a great deal in this remark to interest Washington. The evidence supplied by the Literary Digest and other polls has had its effect. Congressional talk merely advertises the fact that prohibition is coming out of hiding to be the foremost political issue in the next campaign—possibly in the next three or four campaigns. Politically speaking, nothing could be more significant. It is to the interest of every statesman to find out, as nearly as he can, the voting as well as the sentimental strength of the forces aligned on both sides of the Volsteadian fence. Though last year's receipts by Mr. Curran's organization were a measly $427,213—infinitesmal when compared with the $67,565,313 expended in forty-three years by the Anti-saloon League, according to Representative Tinkham—the engrossing point is that some of it went to support wet candidates. The devil's fire has broken out on both sides of the front. Which way is a poor solon to turn? We shall not be astounded if forthcoming campaign behavior should resemble, at least in one essential particular, the unpredictable conduct of the weathercock.

Placating France

IN THE near future we should welcome a reliable book on tariff conflicts, because it would provide us with some information which we desire, but are unable to get for ourselves, and because it ought to be amusing. The frantic eleventh-hour switching of the rates on lace is a case in point. As the tariff bill passed the House, it carried a 90 percent duty on lace, but as amended by the Senate the duties on some laces went as high as 300 percent. In selecting the House rate for its approval, the conference reversed its general practice, which has been to pick whichever of the two rates is the higher. Of course it had good reason. The proposed lace duties aroused more than ordinary resentment in France, and on this side of the water, at least, are believed to have been responsible for the new French tariff on automobiles, which is high enough to keep all low- and medium-priced American trucks and autos out of the French market. Our automobile manufacturers, therefore, have been painfully interested in restoring the House duty on lace, hoping that the French, like good sportsmen, would reciprocate by abandoning their motors rates. But now that 90 percent lace has been written back into the bill, what if France decides not to accomodate us? Are we to feel that we have been betrayed?

Judge Parker and the Senate

AFTER the astonishing fight which was waged against the appointment of Mr. Hughes it might have been predicted that the nomination of another conservative to the Supreme Court would be defeated. The action of the Senate Judiciary Committee in reporting the nomination of Judge Parker with the recommendation that it be rejected, is hardly a surprise: Judge Parker's conservatism is at least as pronounced as Mr. Hughes's, and his record is not a tenth so impressive. The fight for Mr. Hughes could be made aggressively—everyone admits that he is one of the great lawyers of our time; the fight for Judge Parker was defensive from the start. The memorandum prepared for the President by the Department of Justice declared that "To refuse to confirm the nomination of Judge Parker for his decision in the Red Jacket Coal Company case will amount to refusing to confirm him because he followed and gave binding effect to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States." To which his opponents, led by Mr. Green of the American Federation of Labor, were able to reply: "A mere dogmatic adherence to judicial precedent established in a case decided during the world-war period cannot be offered as convincing evidence of the qualifications of a man to serve on the highest tribunal in the land." It is a good answer, but what interests us especially is that it has been much more effective today than it could possibly have been four years ago. The last few months indicate that the Senate has been caught up by the

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growing sentiment for a leavening of the conservative Supreme Court with the liberal temperament.

Our Climate, Right or Wrong

CAPTAIN Sir Arthur Rostron, with other veteran navigators, is convinced that the gulf stream is gradually backing up toward the coastline of the United States, and adds, rather jestingly, that the time may come when Long Island will resemble Bermuda. This compels us to raise a question which we have had in mind for some time past. A few years ago—in 1926 if we remember correctly—the distinguished Roumanian engineer, M. Dimitri Joanovici, proposed that the Danish government be urged to blow up the Greenland glacier in order to remove the menace of icebergs from north Atlantic shipping lanes, and also to raise the temperature of eastern Canada and the United States. In case of refusal he suggested that the countries named demand indemnity from the Danish government. This was all to the good so far as North America was concerned, but what about Europe? M. Joanovici also proposed that the United States blow up the Aleutian Islands which now prevent the warm Japanese currents and Pacific tides from entering the Arctic sea, and melting the Arctic ice flow which lowers the temperature of northern European countries. In case of refusal he suggested that Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, etc., demand indemnity from the United States. Both proposals were submitted to the League of Nations. So far as we are aware the League has done nothing about transmitting these suggestions to the governments concerned, and we want to know why. Has it no interest in hastening the disappearance of the remaining vestiges of the last great ice age? Or does it fear to strengthen the suspicions of isolationists in the United States by giving publicity to European designs upon our climate?

Aspects of the Liturgy

HEROIC efforts are being made these days, to imbue the faithful with a consciousness of the liturgy. They imply recognition of the undoubted fact that pioneer days are over, that (even as in the seventeenth century) religion must count upon its ability to use humanistic interests as a starting point, and that the doctrinal content of the liturgy is of the highest spiritual importance. We have already referred to the Leaflet Missal now being published by the Reverend Paul Bussard and his associates —a device which is, perhaps, not the ideal solution of the problem but which reckons well with practical circumstances and difficulties. The Liturgical Press, of Collegeville, Minnesota, is likewise indefatigable in providing liturgical literature. Among recent pamphlets to reach us from this source there is one dealing with The Chant of the Church and including, besides The Apostolic Constitution Divine Cultus Sanctitatem, two very good interpretative essays. In one of these we read: "Gregorian Chant does not and cannot appeal to the people—if they have had it presented to them with prejudice or with poor and slovenly methods of rendition." It is certainly true that while adequate rendition is not an entirely dependable recipe for making the Chant popular, it is of very great importance.

ONE point of practical significance in this connection is brought to the fore in Dr. Richard Terry's very interesting collection of papers on musical questions, A Forgotten Psalter and Other Essays (New York: The Oxford University Press). Commenting upon singing as it is done by Anglicans and Catholics in England, the author says that the first group "has a recognized standard of proficiency" which the second does not even aim for. Dr. Terry then goes on to what he terms "a rather curious point": "In proportion to their numbers, the Catholic body in this country produces a very large number of competent musicians, but the fact remains that very few indeed ever devote themselves to church music. . . . And so it has come about that in a church possessing a repertoire of the finest music of all ages, little of it is actually ever heard, and that little is seldom well performed." The economic factor involved is explicable, says Dr. Terry, on historical and financial grounds. But in the United States, where no such grounds are discernible, the same situation obtains. While comparatively vast sums are expended for useless marbles and ornaments, there seems to be a prejudice against paying a decent salary to an organist and choir-master. There are exceptions, of course, and these are an index to the progress made in recent years. But so long as there is no "rule" of excellence, hope for marked betterment must give way to resignation.

Incentives to Girth

HARDLY discovered, the new planet has caused no end of an intellectual rumpus. Some scholars have turned sceptical, others have whispered of a comet, and a handful have been driven to revise their theories of the universe. The tumult was further intensified by Professor Millikan's declaration of faith in the rejuvenating powers of our world. Holding that the common spectacle of matter's break up into energy has its counterpart in the diligent effort of radiant energy "somewhere" to build up new stores of that hydrogen out of which the elements proceed, the ominent scientist returns to the old quandary regarding the permanence of time as a factor in the cosmos. On such matters it is well to maintain, with Saint Thomas, a dignified silence respecting the limitations of human reason. We enjoyed, however, the meditation to which Professor Millikan drove the editor of the New York Evening Post. According to this sage, "We must look upon things with a broad view and think not of ourselves but of other worlds still unborn." The advantages of this sudden shift of

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perspective are apparent. If one reflects sufficiently upon the world which is to be delivered by some proud stork in the year 10,000 one's personal worries will disappear rapidly. For what are such trifles as paying the rent, or legislative jams, or even the salvation of the soul, compared with a ruddy new Saturn, furbished with a dozen bracelets, which may loom up on the other side of the North Star? Give us the broad view every time. But why not suggest that since the macro is so much like the microcosm, we ought to think not of ourselves but of other jelly fish still unborn?

The Guild Advertises

IT PLEASES us to see the Theatre Guild boldly applying the logic of the new advertising in presenting its play, Hotel Universe. The new advertising, as we understand it, consists in telling the truth about your product. You mingle honest claims of its excellence with an honest admission of its limitations, and trust the public to buy from the straightforward fellow you prove yourself to be. Telling the truth to sell your wares is not so lofty as telling it to shame the devil, but the present case proves it may be more entertaining. "There seems," runs the Guild advertisement blithely, "to be a difference of opinion" —and forthwith illustrates by ranging the critical salvos for Hotel Universe against the critical sneers. There is a genuine audacity about publicly announcing that one critic has said your play "can only be described as a pretty terrible beating," and another has called it "depressing and tiresome," and a third has affirmed that "it has no more intermission than a toothache," that should please the Guild's patron demon, Mr. Shaw. We wonder how it will work. Perhaps like the radio. People may just stay at home and read the advertisement.

Semper Eadem

THAT something or other that lives in the marrow of the English soul, that rich unexpectedness that bred and sustained Dickens and was breath in the nostrils of Gilbert, is still there. Peter Freeman, a Laborite, arose in Parliament the other day and moved that lobster be stricken from the Commons' menu, because boiling lobsters alive is an inhumane way of killing them. With the ensuing debate we are not concerned: the assertion that the groans of the scalded crustaceans resound in the Commons' kitchen; the spirited denial; the query of a Conservative—"What about the brutal method of eating oysters?" The first fact is feast enough—and we speak quite without irony or derision. England has 1,500,000 men out of work. The new income tax is four and one-half shillings in the pound. Coal and free trade are twin irritants, and the dole has grown to a monstrous incubus. And it is possible for a member of the Labor party, the official ponderers on these matters and bearers of these burdens to be heard in the august Commons on The Sensations of the Lobster. Others may hint that Peter's is the higher relevance: that he was merely cloaking in kindness a sterling Laborite objection to a viand which symbolizes the patrician epicure. Not we! We recognize, with envy, the authentic spirit by which Albion has immemorially refreshed herself by juxtaposing shoes to ships and sealing wax, and cabbages to kings—because they are so different.

MAY-DAY MATTERS

WHATEVER in the way of revolutionary demonstrations May Day is fated to bring, the symbolism of the date itself is firmly established. It is curious enough that this festival, marked in all the old calendars of Christendom for Our Lady, should now be starred by the protagonists of class war. There is, of course, one way in which the two things can be associated. If a series of parades and demonstrations, however unbecomingly motivated, does fix collective attention upon social injustices and weaknesses, the effect will be Marian in the most genuine sense. But the general tendency is unfortunately to focus opinion upon a theory rather than upon a solution. And it may well be that, under existing conditions, nothing more is possible.

Even the habit of entertaining Utopias is in disrepute. Where is the organization which today would attempt anything like that amazing Paraguayan republic which René Fülöp-Miller has recently described so well in these pages? Modern economic consciousness seems to have passed through a change comparable with that induced centuries ago by Copernican theories and the speculations of Bruno. The discovery of the vastness and mechanical rigidity of the universe seemed, then, to dwarf the position and destiny of man, who lost the sense of his own sovereign importance in the shadow of nature's bulk. Today our insight into interlocking world-wide economic dependencies tends to make any local social advancement appear exceedingly precarious. The lace-making towns of France are plunged into fear by an increase in the American tariff rate on their product; and, conversely, European endeavors to "discriminate" against automobiles made in the United States depresses a basic industry and so affects the entire financial outlook. Discovery of oil in north Germany, or of gold in Canada, may change the world's balance sheet overnight. It is generally recognized that, even for this country, standards of living tend to reach the universal level. If all this has weakened our confidence in theories, it has also threatened to dissipate social hope and with that, energy.

While the drift toward economic realism is pronounced in the United States today—in the sense that facts are being studied and understood—there is little purposiveness in our point of view. The kind of production economics doled out during recent years by such writers as Julius Klein has been subjected to severe practical criticism. It did not confront honestly the

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problem of the machine as an instrumentality which can decrease employment faster than it can increase market outlets. On the whole, it was a fair-weather philosophy which came near to assuming that the sun shines all the time and that the breeze never changes into a wind. Conversely the effectiveness of the Communist appeal to working-men out of jobs must be greatly discounted. Bolshevism in this country is either an importation or an intellectual hobby. So long as the index of property distribution remains even remotely like what it now is, the chances in favor of a local Lenin are nil. There is left the old appeal of socialistic principles—used here not in the sense of party manifestos but in the sense of socialized industrial projects—to the modern citizen.

It is a curious fact that organized Socialism, which in the United States dates from 1888, has left the nation almost absolutely cold. Sponsored largely by immigrant groups, it has never evoked a more than emotional leadership. The appeal of men like Eugene V. Debs reposed on no impressive knowledge of economic or financial conditions. He and his fellows have all been something like incarnations of the tragedy of the dispossessed—martyrs at best, posers in poverty at their worst. The one great theorist of reform to have appeared in this country is Henry George, and he was manifestly cool to the Socialists. A total vote of 900,000 was regarded by Mr. Debs as a genuinely impressive tribute. And the decision of the American Federation of Labor to keep aloof from politics needs to be considered as the worker's preference for leaders of the Gompers and Mitchell stamp.

The triumphs achieved by Socialism have been identified with municipal government. Liberal doctrines sponsored by Milwaukee Germans of a decade ago won that city for the "reform program" sponsored by Victor Berger. In New York last year Norman Thomas polled 175,000 votes after a campaign devoted to explaining how Gotham's business could be managed efficiently. Elsewhere Socialistic spokesmen have gained influence enough to threaten the vitality of bosses and machines. It is worth noting, however, that these developments have no sequel. Subsequent to the showing in New York, even Mr. Thomas flirted with the idea of changing the party name in order to win the allegiance of those who frowned on anything remotely associated with Marxism. Some time previously a group of militant reform protagonists had gone their own way into the Communist Labor party. Even Mr. Thomas's platform is revealed, therefore, as something too anaemic for one group and too unorthodox for another. But some of the criticisms it incorporates are both pertinent and interesting to very many.

We in this country have, therefore, a tradition and a population hardly affected by Socialistic points of view. Experience has helped to solidify this attitude. If there is anything in which the average American has no confidence, it is government ownership and management. The suggestion that Washington should conduct the railroad business would, if advanced, ruin even the Republican party. On the other hand, the era of pleasant prosperity assumptions is definitely closed. It is clear once again that the national welfare involves all sorts of hard work. We need group intelligence and initiative. But we also need collective intelligence and initiative. Mr. Hoover could, therefore, foster an agency for farm relief which, in the old days, would have seemed quite socialistic. The problems created by public utilities are likewise being dealt with in a way which seems to prognosticate eventual civic control of a kind that might now well seem drastic. Beyond that, the discovery of international "economic solidarity," in the sense referred to previously, implies that a nation will have to act as a unit in ventures of trade and finance.

The extent to which sound philosophy—or let us say boldly, the Church—opposes socializing activities is sometimes misunderstood. Ideologies of the state which attribute to it moral authority, or which suppress the rights of the individual, are of course untenable. Economically, however, the Church insists only upon the preservation of a minimum of temporal equality. If the wage earned by a man is not sufficient to insure his status as a human being able to exercise his essential prerogatives, conscience inveighs against that injustice. But it is at least open to argument whether the responsibility for that wage rests primarily with some other individual or is collective. Briefly speaking, one may assert without much fear that any state function which is reasonable is also moral. And "reasonable" is, fundamentally, equivalent to "real." If the usurpation of all productive energy by the state is manifestly "unreal" (for such a matter as "initiative" can only be individual) it is likewise futile to hold that collective activity is out of place.

It is an unmitigated platitude to assert, with Mr. Hoover, that leadership is a great requisite. Nevertheless this remark is admirably true. The greatest boon we as a nation could receive would be an accession of individual initiative to corporate enterprise. There is no room for the mere intellectual at the helm. The hollow-headed politician is an out-of-date drug. What America needs could easily be deduced from a picture of what Catholics might, ideally, contribute to the national life. This would not be simply another pronouncement or resolution, but the organization of a new order of prominent and experienced men—a twentieth-century knighthood of Saint John—who would voluntarily dedicate themselves to the nation's welfare. Ability, initiative and beneficent charity would then be combined and made applicable to specific problems. Something of theory could be translated into action. Such a picture is, of course, only an ideal. But to what else can we look for a greater guarantee of success? And it may be legitimate to conclude that the nearer America can come to the fulfilment of such a dream, the surer it will be to a guarantee of its belief in equality and justice.

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FOUNDATIONS OF CULTURE

By JAMES HUGH RYAN

Though the tide of Christian faith has not receded so far as many would believe, there can be no doubt that modern culture is prevailingly secular. In the following paper the rector of the Catholic University of America argues, however, that there are "by-products" of Christian belief which "would constitute the starting point for a cultural undertaking the very magnitude of which overwhelms imagination." While featuring this and an allied article, the editors wish it to be understood that they are not championing any one institution at the expense of any other.—The Editors.

RARELY do we find people agreeing on the exact connotation of the word "culture." The varying shades of meaning which may be given this elusive term, the complexities of the subject, the prejudices oftentimes of the one who is doing the defining, combine to make difficult a precise statement on which general agreement may be expected. That there is culture, and that there have been cultures, all will agree. Moreover, what historians recognize as the dominant elements in the culture of one age may not be looked upon as of value in another and subsequent century. We speak of ancient, of mediaeval, of modern culture; every one recognizes in general what is meant. Every age has its zeitgeist, a gathering together of tendencies, currents and achievements which, taken cumulatively, may be said to characterize a period of history or a race of people. Of course, that this zeitgeist need not be bad goes without saying.

Whatever the dominant characteristics of modern culture are, one thing is certain, they are not Christian. Since the days of Kant, thought has drawn farther and farther away from Christian principles and influences. Since the rise of science in the nineteenth century, the disagreement between civilization and Christianity has almost reached the breaking point. Contemporary civilization is naturalistic, secular and, in some cases, frankly materialistic. Modern culture looks toward the creation and development of the non-religious or lay type, both individual and societal, as to the full flowering of its contribution to world advance. Thus, the culture of twentieth-century society is in many respects as far removed from the ideals of Christianity as was the culture of Rome or of ancient Greece. This is particularly true in present-day Europe where the pendulum has swung farthest away from the Christian centre—which was accepted almost universally and without serious reservations well on till the end of the eighteenth century. And the very forces responsible for modern culture, conscious of its defects, inanities and crudities, are groping about for something which only Christianity can supply.

American culture appears to many to be closer to the older ideals than is the culture of modern Europe. There is a great deal of eighteenth-century orthodoxy underlying our American viewpoints; there exist among us a feeling and respect for Christianity, especially for its ethical principles, which separate us from the profoundly secularistic attitude of many continental thinkers. I believe, taking it by and large, that we in this country are more nineteenth century than we are twentieth century. Whether or not this fact is to be regarded as proof of cultural backwardness depends on what one's views are as to the nature of true culture.

Through the centuries Christianity and civilization have been almost one. As Newman pointed out,

> Christianity waited till the orbis terrarum attained its most perfect form before it appeared, and it soon coalesced, and has ever since coöperated, and often seemed identical with the civilization which is its companion.

The identity, it must be confessed, is becoming fainter and fainter with each succeeding generation. Can it be restored? Is it possible to recreate a Christian civilization, to bring to this modern world a new and a higher culture which, recognizing the achievements of science and accepting its true spirit, will build upon such foundation a civilization in which the best elements of science and philosophy can be fused with the dogmatic and moral truths of Christianity? In our country, a democracy, culture must be a quality not of the few but of the many. It will, of course, vary in degree as do all other human attainments. But the spirit, that of the religion of Christ, must be the same throughout.

Leaving to one side what Christianity may contribute to modern culture in the field of religion and of dogma (its contribution being that of true religion) there are by-products of her beliefs which, if the world would accept and attempt to mold them along modern lines, would constitute the starting point for a cultural awakening the very magnitude of which overwhelms imagination.

Philosophically, moderns have been tossed backward and forward on the horns of an extreme idealism or extreme materialism until they are almost ready (many, like Bergson, have done so) to cast discredit on thought itself. Monism has plunged thinker after thinker into the abyss of despair. Pluralism was then held before their eyes as a ladder by which they might climb to sanity and to understanding; they have found its principles no less unsatisfactory than those of monism. Modern philosophy has not accepted a workable dualism and a scientific realism, the philosophy on which Christian culture is based, for the simple reason that it is still laboring under the prejudices and illusions which it inherited from Kant and his fol-

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lowers. Can we, however, present a dualistic realism which will be acceptable, which will team up with the dominant scientific spirit of the age and go along with it in the advances it is making? If we can rethink and restate in modern terms a philosophy which was the glory of the thirteenth century and upon whose truths the best in mediaeval civilization rested, and if we can make ourselves heard, the first forward step in the recreation of a new civilization will have begun.

Ethics is a field, the sorry state of which every one recognizes. Viewed theoretically, it presents a bedlam of clashing views which, because of their very practical consequences, cause what approximates despair in the future of civilization itself. Now, if there is any one thing sound in Christianity, assuredly it is the Christian system of ethics. Grounded on principles which right-thinking people cannot but accept, this ethics presents a systematic and structural completeness, a harmony with the facts of life as it should be lived, and a workable idealism, all of which should appeal strongly to the scientifically trained modern man. What Christian ethics can contribute to sound government, to democracy, to correct ideals of liberty, to the upbuilding of the social life, to the art of individual living, are beyond price, as they are outside dispute. No culture of the past has produced, and we make bold to affirm that from no philosophy of the future may we expect anything comparable to the high sanity and concrete workability of the system of ethics which has been Christianity's greatest gift to a sorely tried world. The new culture, when it arrives, will it be charged through and through with Christian ethics, or shall it continue to limp along, as it has been doing the last hundred years, on the wornout crutch of a pragmatic and naturalistic view of right and wrong?

Christianity has little, outside of interpretation and that is philosophy, to contribute to the splendid and continuing achievements of modern science. Science is of nature; it is a work of reason. Christianity is of the supernatural; it is a work of faith. Individual Christians may continue to make scientific discoveries; they may help to turn science in the direction of friendship with and away from warfare on religious thinking. It is not fair, however, to expect Christianity to make of itself a huge laboratory for the discovery of natural facts or for Christians to become a body of scientists whose sole purpose would be to study and theorize about the facts discovered. Cultural progress cannot be assured by failure to recognize that religion and science occupy diverse fields, use different methods and attain different results. The important thing to recognize is that in both cases the results achieved are of supreme value to cultural advance, that both religion and science make for civilization, each contributing something which the other does not possess.

When we pass to the field of the arts, broadly accepted, it is here that Christianity can make such contribution to cultural development that only the insane or the wildly prejudiced would dare to spurn its offerings. It is scarcely necessary to recall what the Christian spirit has actually produced in the realms of music, painting, sculpture, architecture and literature. The story of the arts is to a large extent but the story of Christianity itself. Nor is the Christian spirit dead. A true aesthetic lives upon the spiritual; it is the meaning, purpose and end of life and nature which art tries to capture and to reproduce in ever-varying forms. Now, interpretation is of the intellect, not of the body; and it was by interpreting facts in a Christian sense that art reached its highest levels. Amid the ever-changing conditions of the modern world, the Church has something permanent and unchanging, which no other society possesses, to hold out to the artist and upon which the aesthetic faculty may sustain itself to the achieving of great artistic products which will challenge, in the sublimity of their conception and the masterfulness of their execution, the universally admired works of the past.

Granted that Christianity can contribute to modern culture elements of the highest significance and value, granted that a wedding between Christianity and culture is possible, who, then, is to perform the ceremony, who is to bring the two together, and particularly here in America, for it is in the final shaping and continued progress of American culture that we are most interested? History points unerringly to one agency which has guided the cultural advances of mankind—the university. Universities have always been at the centre from which radiated intellectual and cultural influences to the periphery of a country's population. They have shaped, colored and even made civilizations. The modern world, despite the complexity of its economic, political and social structure, looks to the university as to the fountainhead of those ideas out of which civilization flows and from which civilization takes its course. Though the university plays a dominant rôle in the making of culture, we must be warned against expecting too much of it or of exaggerating the part it is to play. Other important factors outside the university exist, operating toward the building up or destroying of cultural levels, and this is particularly true in the modern world.

We look upon a university as the home of culture for a university is natura sua dedicated to the discovery of truth, to its propagation and to the training of men who will become living embodiments of the best thought of the age. In doing this, the university helps, both directly and indirectly, to raise the cultural level of a nation.

A university must be in close touch with the present, no less than with the past. This is particularly true of a Catholic university whose prime function is to cement the union between Christianity, which is of the past, and science, which is so distinctively of the present. In insisting on the past, even of our American culture young in years as that is, and what part Christianity has played in its development, we must not lose sight of the accommodations which must sometimes be made

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in order to align it with the present. That Jefferson, for example, was influenced by Catholic ideals of democracy is to many a satisfying fact; no less satisfying is the story of missionary endeavor in the discovery and upbuilding of the country. We must have history, roots in the past, if we are to grow now and in the future—every university recognizes this simple law of life and of thought. But it is no less true that it is on the present and toward the future that our eyes must be fixed. It is what we are doing today and what we can do tomorrow that will tell most if we are to bring to American culture those elements of strength, beauty and truth which the Church has in her possession and of which she is the divinely constituted guardian.

Is such a Catholic university possible, one from which will flow into American thinking and living those elements which slowly but surely will permeate the whole and change the direction of our culture so that some day it may be said truly that we have achieved a Christian American civilization? Is such a university wanted, and are we ready to join together in the development of this, the most certain medium for achieving the Christianization of contemporary culture? A fully developed Catholic university is, for the Catholic mind, both an ideal and an agency for the attainment of other ideals. As a matter of fact, we may well estimate the level of culture reached by our people by the mere fact of their appreciation of the need of such a university.

Now, it is not difficult to sketch the outlines of a Catholic university which would fulfil all hopes and make of itself the centre of a cultural diffusion which, in a few years, would alter radically the complexion of American philosophy, art, literature and politics. Such a university need not be large, either in endowment or student body, as American universities go. It need not possess the equipment, the laboratories or the libraries of a Columbia or a Harvard. That it must be equipped adequately for its limited tasks, every one will appreciate. What the ideal Catholic university does need, and imperatively, if all its efforts are not to come to nought, is a distinguished, well-trained staff. It is men, in the last analysis, who make a university, not buildings, equipment or endowment. Professors whose lives are devoted entirely to scientific investigation and to the training of students who will follow in their footsteps constitute a university, and no substitute for professors has been or can be found. This is an educational truism, but one, unfortunately, which we have too often ignored or forgotten in our efforts to keep up with the merely physical growth of other American colleges. Educators have the story of Mark Hopkins and the log continually on their lips; in practice they are too ready to sacrifice lasting results and certain influence to the passing applause of the market place. It is to the high and unquestioned quality of its staff, it is to their scientific productivity that the ideal Catholic university must look if it is to exercise a profound influence on the intellectual world of today.

If the Church in the United States is interested vitally in recreating the intellectual milieu in which we must live, it cannot afford to neglect the assistance which a rightly conceived and organized university will unquestionably bring. It must strain every nerve to make that university what it should be under pain of seeing the efforts which it has already put forth result in but a series of more or less futile gestures. If money is what is most needed, and that seems to be the prime requisite, it would be little short of shameful for a Church which possesses such great financial resources to fail to meet its patent duty to Catholicism and to the future of American culture by not endowing adequately, in men and money, that university upon which so much of its real success will depend.

But some may say, as an editorial writer did say a few weeks ago, that "no arrows point to any particular spot." I venture to dissent, and most emphatically, from that statement. The arrows point, arrows of whose wisdom and authority no Catholic can doubt; they point, directly, unwaveringly and constantly to the already established Catholic University of America.

The consistent Catholic follows the guidance of the Holy See in all matters, and in few with more security than when the Popes speak about education. They have spoken on university education in the United States. Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, and as recently as October 10, 1929, Pius XI pointed out the "absolute necessity" of developing the Catholic University and even went so far as to forbid the establishing of another university in the United States until such time as the present Catholic University had reached its full development. Pius X, in January, 1912, wrote:

> We are fully determined on developing the Catholic University. For We clearly understand how much a Catholic University of high repute and influence can do toward spreading and upholding Catholic doctrine and furthering the cause of civilization. To protect it therefore and to quicken its growth is in Our judgment, equivalent to rendering the most valuable service to religion and to country alike.

The hierarchy of the country, in practical unanimity, has followed the leadership of the Popes. The achievements of the University, in the short forty years of its existence, leave no doubt in the mind of an unprejudiced observer what particular spot should receive united support. Practically every Catholic cultural movement of large significance has had its origin with us, and is still directed by members of our staff, many of whom have given an unselfish devotion to the intellectual interests of the Church in this country that is beyond all praise.

I do not wish to be understood as making a selfish plea in the interest of developing an institution over which I happen to preside. But I cannot believe that the Holy See and our appointed rulers, the bishops of the United States, were wrong when they established the Catholic University of America.

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Places and Persons

FROM MIDDLETOWN TO ROME

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN the cardinal archbishop of Boston recently answered an extraordinary letter published in the Boston Herald by Professor Irving C. Whittemore of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in which Professor Whittemore expressed some singular views concerning what the cardinal archbishop had previously said to a group of Catholic students, putting them on their guard against the teachings of certain modernist philosophers and psychologists, he concluded his decisive refutation of Professor Whittemore's opinions by advising the latter "to read Harvey Wickham's illuminating exposé of modern pseudo-philosophy and pseudo-psychology." Having for many reasons, with which I shall deal below, a special interest in Mr. Wickham and his work, I asked Cardinal O'Connell to express himself more fully concerning the Harvey Wickham book,* and in reply I received a letter, the pertinent parts of which I am taking the liberty to make public:

"I can say unreservedly that Mr. Wickham deserves the greatest praise for unmasking the specious and wholly false arguments of modern philosophers and psychologists. Not for many a year have I read such a closely reasoned document, perfectly fair, admitting whatever good there is to be found, but going with the author's keen mind to the very point of falsity and folly, tearing the mask away from those who, under the guise of science, are endeavoring to wreck the last vestige of faith in the youth of the land. It is these sophists who have for so long laughed to scorn the calm and reasonable deductions of the greatest minds in Christendom.

"At last, thank God, in the mind and pen of Mr. Wickham are a real revelation to the world. Yet, a potent force to pull down the air castles which James and Santayana and Einstein have erected out of pure fancy in defiance of both good sense and good scholarship. I have recommended the reading of Mr. Wickham's books to my own clergy, and, as you will see from the clipping which I enclose, my last recommendation was to a lecturer at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"The penetration and the amazing erudition of Mr. Wickham are a real revelation to the world. Yet, thank God, he has not lost in the profundity and clarity of his thought a glorious sense of fun, which is precisely what the pseudo-scientists and the pseudo-psychologists never have and never seem capable of acquiring. . . . You and I have been lamenting for a long time the lack of men here like Chesterton and Belloc. Here is a Chesterton and Belloc embodied in one. I am sure that his books will have a very wide circulation with untold profit to the readers, at least such of them as have the desire for truth and the goodwill to see it when it is so clearly pointed out. . . . I hope you will convey to Mr. Wickham my sincere thanks for the most interesting three books which I have read in many a year."

The three books referred to by his eminence are The Misbehaviorists, The Impuritans, and the last and greatest of the remarkable trilogy, The Unrealists, in which Mr. Wickham deals, subtly yet with crystalline clarity—as he alone seems able to deal—with the dreams and fantasies of William James, Bergson, Santayana, Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey and Professors Alexander and Whitehead.

I began reading The Unrealists pencil in hand, to mark such passages as I might wish to refer to in reviewing the book for this journal. But I find I cannot review it. Almost every page is pencil-marked, and those which are not would have to be quoted in their entirety if they are to be fully appreciated. So far as I am concerned, I could not review the book without writing a whole book myself, and that I am unable to do for many reasons: the principal one being a lack of competence. But there is no lack of appreciation. Even those many readers who are, like the present writer, unable to grapple directly with the authors dealt with by Mr. Wickham, may fully understand the most essential thing about them all, which is their fundamental falsity. Nobody more than Mr. Wickham himself has paid juster tribute to the genius of some of the men he writes on, among whom are true artists, poets, intellectual geniuses; but nobody more clearly has perceived and more lucidly expressed the mental chaos in which like meteors these coruscating false lights gleam and dart, to the bewilderment and the misleading of those who have been led to think of them as fixed stars in the heavens of truth.

So instead of a review, I will write about Mr. Wickham himself: frankly as a propagandist, sincerely desirous of having one of the most remarkable intellects of our day made more widely acquainted to readers who are fed up with the fads and follies of the false prophets of modernism, and who are beginning to turn back to the fixed and unwavering guidance of true reason, common sense, and, above all, faith in a transcendant deity, the denial of which is the common ground on which the false prophets of modernism and their followers stand.

It would not be correct to say that The Commonweal

**The Unrealists, by Harvey Wickham. New York: The Dial Press. $3.50.*

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discovered Mr. Harvey Wickham; for Mr. Harvey Wickham himself anticipated The Commonweal, or any other medium of publication, sometime ago. But at least The Commonweal may be proud of the fact that it did publish the tentative sketches and essays which contained the germs and seeds of his trilogy. An astute publisher, reading these first articles, became the means of introducing the work of Harvey Wickham to the English-speaking world, where his advent was hailed immediately in a full-page article by no less a one than G. K. Chesterton in the Illustrated London News. My personal acquaintance with Mr. Wickham was, however, long before the advent of The Commonweal. In one of my books, The High Romance, in which I tried to tell the story of my own revolt from chaos and my adventures and my struggles to return to truth, published a good number of years ago, I wrote:

Perhaps the worst blunder an observer of life can make would be to think that evil is the predominating quality in any particular city, or any particular person. The most subtle artistic intelligence I have ever met, that of Harvey Wickham, my closest comrade in my San Francisco adventures, did more to show me this consoling truth than any other influence. We roamed together through the underworld, and together we watched the stars of many a dawn fade like silver music from the disappearing darkness."

We were both newspapermen, in those days "before the earthquake" in San Francisco. But Mr. Wickham was a newspaperman of a unique sort. At least, never has it been my lot to meet any other newspaperman like unto him. While perfectly competent for any part of the manifold task of journalism, Mr. Wickham by deliberate choice retained an aloofness from personal publicity and a detachment from the instinct, or perhaps it is merely a bad habit, of submerging one's whole personality in the glamorous work of journalism, that was highly remarkable. It puzzled me very much; but now I think I understand. Mr. Wickham was deliberately using his newspaper experiences and opportunities to come to close grips with the realities of life; but he retained always a mastery of the material that he was dealing with, instead of being mastered or overcome by it, as is the unhappy fate of so many practitioners of that craft. Always an omnivorous reader, he at the same time was equally a first-hand participant in life itself. I daresay that he has written more millions of words than even Mr. H. L. Mencken, but the greater part of it he wrote for his own amusement or for the sheer pleasure of practising the technique of writing, which now has borne such glorious fruit in his trilogy, more particularly in the crowning work of that trilogy, The Unrealists.

It was the same way with his music. Composer and pianist, he passed by the many opportunities which the concert platform offered him, preferring lonely hours by himself, or in company with one or two appreciative listeners, at the keyboard of his piano: improvising, experimenting, or playing his own finished compositions, or interpreting the masterpieces of both the classical and the experimental schools with astounding brilliancy and power. In the same spirit, he was the editor and chief contributor to a magazine which bore the appropriate but cryptic title of the Pompeian—an organ, so to speak, of that Pompeii which was buried in ashes, hidden from all eyes, but which under the surface contained rich treasures. Stories, essays, poems, were published in the Pompeian, if you may speak of publication in connection with a typewritten journal, which, so far as I know, was only read by two persons, Mr. Wickham and myself—who was a more occasional and decidedly less important contributor. I wonder if in the depths of those trunks, stuffed full of manuscripts, which Mr. Wickham took with him in his wanderings from New York to San Francisco, and later throughout Europe, those copies of the Pompeian are still buried? If so, there are other books, some of them very curious ones, to be some day revealed in print.

I very well remember saying to Harvey Wickham, at the conclusion of a long conversation in which we had discussed a great many things—as we always did—that the Catholic Church was, of course, the fundamental and inevitable stumbling block in the pathway of human progress, and Mr. Wickham agreed. Now, he lives in Rome (where I also would be if I could) not a member of the Catholic Church—in fact, so far as I know, he is still, as ever, personally detached from all organizations—but hailed by a cardinal of that Church in the terms quoted above: one of the strongest, ablest and, fortunately, most entertaining and wittiest living champions of that common sense in philosophy and of that firm, unshakable faith in God and the reality of the supernatural, which the Catholic Church exists in order to maintain, and to prove. It is a long road from Middletown to Rome, but like all other roads traversed by men and women sincerely seeking the truth—it led to Rome.

It is to be hoped that American readers will widely recognize the value of this new writer—new in the sense that after a lifetime of writing, but more particularly of thinking, and of extraordinary fulness of experience, he now literally bursts upon the respectful attention of all thinking people. Catholic readers of course should welcome him; but it is those who have neither the solace of the Faith nor the steadying influence of the common-sense philosophy stemming from the Faith, who need him most. No more effective antidote to the literary poisons of modernism has appeared since Chesterton's Orthodoxy than Harvey Wickham's The Unrealists.

Francis Grierson somewhere remarks that all modern philosophy, if brought together in one volume or set of volumes, might bear the appropriate title of The Sum of Human Folly. The incisive and decisive analysis of that folly is contained in Harvey Wickham's latest book.

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A NEW VOICE IN THE SOUTH

By BROADUS MITCHELL

THE American Federation of Labor, in its organizing campaign in the textile South, has two tasks before it. Which is more difficult is hard to say. One is to remove the inferiority complex of the employees, the other to remove the superiority complex of the employers.

Each has a definite background. The operatives are only beginning to emerge into self-determination, and to claim a voice in public counsels. They are the southern poor whites, descendants of the stepchildren of slavery. They have no purchase on economic life, but have been like golf balls knocked about a putting green until they fell into a hole. All of them formerly and a portion of them until recently, have been attached to the land, but either they owned not a foot of it, or what they possessed was worthless. If they were tenants on a plantation they swapped promise of labor for credit at commissary or country store, and their crop netted them little cash in hand at the year's end.

If they owned their little places, these were apt to be mortgaged to the hilt, and they derived little besides a meaningless pride of possession. A mule and a bull-tongue plow were their instruments of production, and the more cotton they grew the worse was their plight. Those in the mountains enjoyed an empty liberty, which consisted more in idleness than in material sufficiency.

Fifty years ago the first of them came to the new cotton mills in thousands—unlettered, beggars for bread. The eagerness and rapidity with which they learned a new routine of industry shows how bankrupt was their past enterprise. By necessity they placed themselves in the hands of the factory owner, and he accepted responsibility for maintaining and reshaping their lives—in work, in play, in thought if there was such, in morals. Asking everything, contributing only compliance with orders, they demanded nothing. Any stirrings of revolt met their defeat, not in the employer's opposition, but through the workers' own gratitude for his service to them in their extremity. Thus the employees.

The employers in the cotton-mill South come by their superiority complex quite as naturally. Historically, they are aristocrats. The first mill builders, who rescued the post-Civil War South from the poverty of a disrupted agricultural system, were men of family or position, often of both. The fact that they alone had plans and the contrivance to carry them out, would in itself have marked them as figures of distinction. They supplied the essential boon for a broken people—the opportunity to work. The reward they reaped was adoration. If anything were needed to clinch their position, it was furnished in the response of the common people to their complete paternalism. I use the word in its pure sense. It was fatherhood. The poor whites under slavery had been excluded, while slaves were cherished. Now the disinherited were read into the will. They had been starved, now they were subsidized. They had been unnecessary, now they were all-important. The bond of sympathy between whites of both classes were cemented against the common enemy, the Negro. The factory owner, by tradition, through economic mastery, and as racial champion, went unquestioned.

To the esteem in which the manufacturer was held was added his own consciousness that he was the means of survival, and beyond that the engine of progress. Not that he was thirsty for admiration. He was too busy about the works which deserved it. He grew into humility which is the high counterpart of lordship.

Gradually the adventure proved itself. The mills were successful, and as the technique—financial, mechanical and commercial—became familiar, plants increased in numbers. Apprehension gave way to security. Ambitions that had been sustained by hope were now established in good fortune.

By insensible degrees the employers began to presume upon their position. Welfare work which had been ingenuous was undertaken with the design of attracting operatives and keeping them contented at low wages with long hours. Owners boasted of their social services to their workers. When labor unionism first showed its head a generation ago there was no difficulty in putting it down; few of the public thought the operatives could have a legitimate protest against employers so benevolently inclined. The same favorable conception of the proprietors' character, aided by pressure which they brought to bear, served to quiet local stirrings against the abuses of child labor, but were not sufficient to avoid federal inquiry and condemnation of the evil.

The first real thrust at the employers' immunity from attack came during the world war. For some years previously labor had become scarcer, and now wages rose, because the cotton farmer was getting his tardy innings on the land, men were drawn off to cantonments and munition plants, and the mills enjoyed spectacular prosperity. Thus the workers as a group became convinced of their importance to the industry, and two score thousand in the Carolinas joined the union. The organized workers, however, lost their strikes against post-Armistice wage cuts, and the employers sat almost as firmly in the saddle as of yore. Almost, but not quite, for there was still the vivid recollection of unionism in the minds of the people.

Then a lull, until the southward drift of eastern cotton factories aroused attention, gathered force, and then became one of the great movements in the history of the industry. These northern mills came seeking

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cheap labor primarily, and their arrival brought new problems—increased demand for workers, further dilution of the welfare motive, weakening of the old sectional defenses for low labor standards. Simultaneous depression in the industry was responsible for the introduction of an alien efficiency device, the multiple loom or "stretch-out" system, by which the workers were required to tend more machinery without always being compensated in number of helpers and increase in wage.

So came the series of strikes beginning last spring, which took out 17,000 operatives and found high-water marks in Elizabethton, Marion and Gastonia. Two of these major strikes were organized only after they had begun, and all of them caught the responsible labor leaders perforce without plans or fighting resources. In the autumn the United Textile Workers appealed to the American Federation of Labor for aid, and in January of this year at Charlotte, North Carolina, President William Green launched the South's first widespread organizing campaign.

The issue is now fairly drawn between an outworn tradition and the new need for workers' representation. This is neatly apparent in the current passage of arms at Danville, Virginia. The Riverside and Dam River Cotton Mills, some dozen plants (one of them a few years ago claimed to be the biggest cotton factory under one roof in the world) have 467,000 spindles, 13,000 looms, 5,000 workers, and assets in excess of $25,000,000. The president and treasurer is H. R. FitzGerald, who is to be accounted a comparatively enlightened southern cotton manufacturer. He has had extensive welfare work, but in addition, a decade or so ago, he introduced John Leitch's company union plan known as "industrial democracy." Mr. FitzGerald doubtless believed that his position was not only irreproachable, but that he was a benefactor of his workers and, in a perfectly proper way, an example to other employers in the South.

The present writer had some correspondence with him when the company union was inaugurated, pointing out the imperfect protection which it gave to the workers, and suggesting that it would not answer in a crisis. But he was unconvinced.

The company paid 6 percent on its preferred stock and 10 percent on its common; in 1929 in order to do this three-fourths of the payment to common stockholders had to come from surplus. Wages were reduced 10 percent. Soon the workers showed a dissatisfaction which would not limit itself in its expression to the company plan of labor representation. Operatives held organization meetings.

Mr. FitzGerald posted a notice addressed "To All of Our People." It began:

> We are informed that paid organizers have appeared in our midst, and that, as usual, they are appealing to such prejudices as they can arouse. . . . Our system of employee representation contains every element of collective bargaining that has any real merit. . . . We do not desire the employees of the company to be misled by these outsiders for the simple reason that they cause discord, and their whole method of operation depends upon agitation and strife. . . . What can such a movement do for you that you do not already have except to take your money in dues to pay a lot of foreign agitators. . . . ?

Mr. FitzGerald declared that the organizers want the money of his people not only for union purpose, but "incidentally, to fill their own depleted coffers."

All of this is a regular enough remonstrance of a late representative of the old South. The surprise is in the answer it promptly elicited from a meeting of the workers. The men have been doing more thinking than the management. They rejoined:

> First of all we want you to know that the American Federation of Labor and the officials of that organizatian came to Danville at our request for a union. The representatives who came here are not foreign agitators but American citizens delegated by President Green. . . to assist us. When you say their whole method of operation depends upon agitation and strife we would call to your attention that the officials of the labor movement have advised the workers in your mills to keep calm, that the American Federation of Labor is not here for strife or strike, but to organize the workers and do business in an orderly manner with justice to employer and employee.

And they went on to recite the failure of the company union to protect them, closing on the note, "We are sending this letter to you in good faith, and ask you to accept our offer of friendship in all sincerity."

This reply of the Danville operatives marks an epoch in the history of southern labor. Here is a calm putting aside of the old sanctions—without hysteria, with the minimum of bitterness, with eyes to the future. Capitalist industry everywhere has experienced three phases—first, revolutionary increase in production; secondly, elevation of laissez-faire, with the accent on individual bargaining; thirdly, humanitarian revolt against exploitation, formation of labor unions being the most important item in this program. This letter proves that at least some in the South have reached this third phase, and that industrial relations in that section can never be quite the same again.

The cotton manufacturers of the South must manage to exchange a patronal relationship to their employees for a contractual one. This lesson has always been learned at the cost of lives, money, social cleavage. The South must remember this history, and in the years that lie next ahead seek to avoid it. Several circumstances lend hope: the employers, in their claim to be considered moralists, are assailed by their own misgivings, and the public is less credulous of their professions than they once were. The counterpart of the southern workers' long patience in the past is undoubtedly conservatism and reason for the future. And not least in importance is the fact that the present organizing campaign, particularly in the face of depression in the industry, has adopted and proclaimed the engineering approach to the whole vexing problem.

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CATHOLIC CLANNISHNESS

By JOSEPH P. DONOVAN

AFTER the experience of last election many of us became sceptical of the ability of historic Americanism to survive as a controlling element in the nation's destiny. For the counterfeit had seemed for practical purposes better than the cherished reality. Yet on reflection the thought should have come to us that American Catholics as a body have been guilty of a worse travesty. The Klansmen have parodied political and religious equality. We have parodied divine charity. They have acted as if the common heritage was theirs to monopolize instead of theirs gratefully to share. We have been looking upon the Faith once delivered to saints as if it were ours by right and not by privilege. Although we teach that earthly riches are a stewardship to be discharged in accordance with the wishes of the Master, yet God's grace we treat after the manner of an absolute dominion.

We have been able to regard an entire nation in martyrdom at our door and refuse it more than a ripple of prayerful sympathy. We have been conscious that 8,000,000 Catholics in the Philippines were annexed to the Church in America, still we have not cared whether the faith was going to live in those jewels of the Pacific. Scores of parishes without a pastor, involving a multitude of souls in the pangs of spiritual starvation, constitute a situation which appears to be none of our concern. Unprivileged Catholics in our very neighborhood can fall away from the Church without ever causing us to think that we might have an obligation to help reclaim them. Non-Catholics with hearts as upright as the heart that beat in the breast of Cornelius the Centurion are sending us messengers of good-will to invite us to come and instruct them in the vision of grace; but we have not time to bother with things so unmaterial. We glory that over two million of our little ones are in Catholic schools. At the same time we forget that another two million are not in Catholic schools, a two million we try to think out of existence. We are proud of what has been accomplished in the field of Catholic higher education, but we never dream of asking ourselves if the system is adequate or not. We congratulate ourselves upon having endowed the teaching communities engaged in that thankless task, when we pay a tuition about large enough to cover one-third the running expenses of an equivalent secular institution, to say nothing of the initial cost of building and equipping.

The more we go into the subject of Catholic higher education, the stronger becomes the indictment of our Klanism. We have a pontifical university that its founder, Pope Leo XIII, that mighty intellectual huntsman before the Lord, visioned as another Paris or Oxford in the rebirth of Catholicism under republican auspices. We treat it as a private venture that must prosper from within—it has about half the endowment of a certain Kentucky hill college. We have one Catholic in every five or six citizens of the United States; yet we exert less influence upon American thought than if we were one in a hundred. American thought as a whole just does not know there is a Catholic culture. Our local Catholic universities that are only of yesterday already begin to complain that we have no trained laymen and laywomen to supplement the work of the religious teachers in these new institutions. And as for Catholics teaching in state and endowed universities, they make up about 1 percent of the professors; and many of those are untrained in Catholic principles. American thought seeks enlightenment. We, the one source of enlightenment, withhold the sought-for illumination. The charity of Christ presseth us not.

Yet when were Catholics in any age privileged to do so much for the Church with relatively so little sacrifice to themselves? We need only two things primarily in higher education. One is the Catholic University of America expanded into one of the world's great graduate schools. The other is a constant stream of men and women graduate students to furnish that university with living material for its artistic fashionings. If we say that we cannot accomplish both these things, we stand convicted before the bar of international Catholic public opinion of Catholic Klanism. And yet how simple the undertaking, if we only replace our 100 percent Catholicity, paralleling the Klan's 100 percent Americanism, by a genuine Catholic attitude toward things of social solidarity.

For instance, those who have studied the matter say that with an endowment of $30,000,000 the Catholic University can do for 22,500,000 Catholics in America what Louvain now does for 8,000,000 Catholics in Belgium. That means an addition of about $25,000,000. We have in the country at least a hundred Catholic multimillionaires, who need to learn the Christian tradition of giving, of making Christ a necessary heir, not merely a legatee of every fortune, a tradition that has come down in English-speaking countries in the broken, or Protestant line of descent since the Reformation. These multimillionaires alone could put in place the keystone of Catholic educational progress. In any event our well-to-do Catholics could provide the endowment. But the scholarships should come from the faithful generally.

The easiest expedient at hand for securing the scholarships is by expanding the annual seminary collection by a third or a half in order to train lay as well as clerical breakers of the Bread of Life, to educate priests to minister to souls directly and laymen and laywomen to minister to souls indirectly. This latter was

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in part the thought of the late Archbishop Quigley, whom I heard quoted by the present bishop of Oklahoma twenty years ago on the way in from Saint Paul's outside the walls of Rome. That far-seeing Chicago prelate was credited with saying that had he riches, he would leave them all to educate Catholic laymen and Catholic laywomen for every form of direct and indirect leadership.

Suppose a present seminary collection of $100,000. That expanded into $133,000 would enable each year eleven young men and women "bachelors" from Catholic colleges to go on for three years' graduate work at the enlarged Catholic University, including one year's residence at a foreign university. The major in Italian literature, for example, would reside a twelvemonth in Milan, Florence and Rome, the major in Spanish literature, at Madrid, the major in protozoölogy at the German centres of graduate study in that branch. In short, majors in all the sciences and arts would converge toward those European schools most noted for the courses being pursued.

Let something like this come to pass and in fifty years American thought will be permeated by Catholic culture. What is more, the Church among us would have the necessary technical equipment to prosecute her jus regiminis (right to rule) with boundless prosperity. That growing army of Catholics whose inferiority complex is now driving them into the maw of secularism would be turned back and begin rushing to the further exaltation of the Cross of Christ. The anticlerical movement feared by some would lack formative material. For these cultural technicians would be a liaison corps between clergy and laity in all external concerns. The complete system of Catholic Action they would enable the Church to build up would leave no room for lay jealousy and Church estrangement. A leaven of families would eventually have some relative who had become distinguished in state and Church through the patrimony of the poor.

To the objection, what is going to become of our struggling local Catholic universities with all this attention given to the Catholic University of America, I answer: nothing adverse but everything helpful. These local universities are now largely undergraduate and professional schools. Such they will continue to remain. Nor has the Catholic University any ambitions in these lines. True, the incipient graduate schools of the local institutions will become of increasing importance; yet never as a group will they get beyond a restricted number of courses in the arts and the sciences—when would one of them offer a course in Dante by a professor of international renown, or a course in Flemish literature? They and the Catholic University will tend in their progress to remain complementary instead of becoming competitive. Even the latter can happen in course of time without any detriment to our educational structure.

The problem now is to get one great fully adequate graduate school in the arts and sciences, or else witness our whole educational system lapse into an expensive gesture. For an inadequate solution of a problem does not get out of the category of non-solution. The people everywhere should contribute to support what touches each and all as the intellectual adjunct of their enlightened faith and as an ordinary condition for the prosperity of their divinely revealed religion. In so doing they will prepare the way for the solution of the problem of Catholic higher education locally.

There is only one thing that the local institutions must fear. It is the continuance of Catholic Klanism.

THE PALESTINE REPORT

By VINCENT SHEEAN

THE report of the Parliamentary Commission on the disturbances in Palestine last summer was published on April 1, a singularly well-chosen date. Scarcely anybody—least of all the MacDonald government—can have expected the report to go quite so far in candor as it does. The Commission had been appointed by Mr. MacDonald to determine the causes of the Arab-Jewish riots of last summer and to recommend action to prevent a recurrence of the trouble. From the early stages of the inquiry in Jerusalem last October it was obvious that the causes of the conflict lay very deep, and that the Commission's work would be valueless unless it pursued these causes to their roots. Evidence of a very comprehensive nature was therefore taken, and the report now published appears (to the astonishment of all) to be based on the evidence. It is calm, judicious, fair and comprehensive—too comprehensive, one suspects, for the comfort of the harassed politicians in Whitehall and Downing Street.

The Commission of Inquiry consisted of Sir Walter Shaw, chairman (a Colonial Office gentleman), Sir Henry Betterton, M.P. (Conservative), Mr. Hopkin Morris, K.C., M.P. (Liberal) and Mr. Harry Snell, M.P. (Labor). All of these signed the report, but Mr. Snell appended to it some "reservations" which show that he was more moved by Zionist argument than were his colleagues.

The report is certain to be assailed with great bitterness by the Zionists, inasmuch as it supports practically none of their main contentions. What may irritate them more, at the moment, than the larger and more serious implications of the document, is the fact that it exonerates the grand mufti of Jerusalem and the government of Palestine from a number of hysterical accusations made last summer and autumn. On the

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evidence, the Commission could have taken no other course; but evidence means nothing to an enthusiast. On the Arab side, the probability is that there will be a good deal of ill-advised rejoicing: most of the Arabs are likely to accept trustingly the benevolence of this document as constituting some sort of gage for the future. The inhabitants of Palestine, Transjordan and Iraq have not yet learned, after long experience, what an empire's pledges are worth.

Naturally there are no definite pledges or promises in the report; there are only "recommendations" and "suggestions." These include the hint that a garrison should be maintained in the country; the statement that Jewish immigration should be more carefully curbed and regulated; and the strong recommendation that the land policy be reviewed in order to correct injustices involved in the eviction of Arab tenant farmers whose lands are sold to the Zionists. The Commission insists that steps should be taken to improve agriculture in Palestine if any additional population is to be supported in that country. Another, and most important, recommendation is that the Arabs be given some voice in their own government. This suggestion is strong in two vital passages of the report, and the absence of representative institutions is named as one of the chief Arab grievances.

The general cause of last summer's outbreak is found to be

> The Arab feeling of animosity and hostility toward the Jews, consequent upon the disappointment of their political and national aspirations and fear for their economic future. [Further] The feeling as it exists today is based on the twofold fear of the Arabs that by Jewish immigration and land purchase they may be deprived of their livelihood and in time pass under the political domination of the Jews.

The immediate causes of the outbreak are six, most of them related to the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem and the long controversy over it, with the activities of both Arab and Jewish bodies in connection therewith. The Wailing Wall incidents of 1928-1929

> must be regarded as a whole, but the incident among them which in our view most contributed to the outbreak was the Jewish demonstration at the Wailing Wall on August 15.

All of this is the natural outcome of the evidence; the surprising thing is that it should be stated so frankly. One could scarcely have expected a commission of this sort to speak of the "inherent difficulty" of the Zionist mandate, and yet the report does use that expression. Again and again in reading the document one is startled to find that truths of the most unpleasant and awkward nature are being told. Who would have expected a British government's commission to admit so clearly, thirteen years after the fact, that nobody knows what the Balfour Declaration means? Yet the Commission does admit this by urging the government, with almost plaintive eloquence, to make a new set of definitions of that famous utterance and its by-products, the mandate clauses dealing with the Jewish national home and the rights of non-Jewish peoples. Nothing is easier than to define the Balfour Declaration; the difficult thing is to find a definition which can be called permanent. In asking Mr. MacDonald and his cabinet to make still another definition, the Commission is only asking that the Zionist policy be pushed into another phase, to be changed again the next time a definition becomes necessary.

It is suggested by this report that the gentlemen who made it (always excepting Mr. Snell) do not believe the Zionist policy in its present form to be feasible. The causes of the riots of last summer, as listed by the Commission, can be boiled down to one: the Zionist policy. The remedy for the troubles of Palestine, the Commission suggests in its set of recommendations, is to curb the Zionist policy. Presumably a new definition of the Balfour Declaration would be one way of doing this; limitation of Jewish immigration, and of the activities of the political executive of the Zionists in Palestine, would be others; a revised land policy, and a representative legislature in the country, would complete the work. Zionism would enter a new and less aggressive (but certainly also less enthusiastic) phase if these suggestions were adopted. The question is, how much support will Zionism receive from the Jews of the world when its activities are so circumscribed? Less, surely, than in the past. Even a race whose history is one long disappointment can hardly be expected to go on forever putting its money on such a doped horse.

One can regard the Zionist experiment as a profound and disastrous mistake, as I do, and still feel very sorry for the Zionists at this juncture. With their combination of persecution mania and hysterical nationalism, they are nevertheless idealists: they have risked a great deal in this enterprise, for which many of them have died. Zionism has drawn out some of the briskest energies of the most fascinating, and one of the most gifted, of peoples. An élan of this quality evokes the pity and terror—has the genuine aesthetic significance—of a biblical episode: it is like the crossing of the Red Sea. With what exultation did these thousands of young Jews march forward ten years ago, at the dividing of the waters! Yet if there is anything in a tendency, it can be seen that only betrayal and disappointment lie in store for them. The clear tendency ever since the war—and most clearly expressed, in a sort of climax, by this Commission's report—is to limit and circumscribe and diminish the Zionist pretensions, a bit here and a bit there, so that of the original resounding claims which caused the synagogues of the world to hold the ancient service of triumph in 1918, very little now is left. Still less will be left in the future as the inexorable historic tendency shown in this report continues its course.

On the side of the Arabs there is likely to be a good

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deal of premature satisfaction over the Commission's findings. The report will appear to them to do a measure of justice to the Arab case; certainly no other official pronouncement has gone so far toward recognizing the fundamental rights of seven-eighths of the population of Palestine. The Arabs will be particularly glad to see that their central aim—representative government—is regarded with some favor by the Commission. So childlike is the Arabs' trust in the established authorities, under ordinary conditions, that they will probably take this document at its face value—forgetting that there have been other reports, other promises, other benevolent documents, and that the Arab nation is still partitioned and unenfranchised. The Arabs could season their satisfaction, if they had more political experience, by two reflections: first, that this report could not possibly have been other than it is, by the plain evidence upon which it is based; and second, that no other sort of report at this juncture would serve the empire's purposes so well.

I do not mean to suggest that the Shaw Commission has been politically influenced. On the contrary, the report seems to me so honest as to be very embarrassing to the government which is saddled with it. But there does exist a sort of subconscious telepathy between Englishmen which tells them how to make the best move for the empire's good. In this case the best move for the empire's good is obviously to pacify the Arabs; to recognize the most important of their demands to some degree; and thus to lull them, for another period, into quiet. The Arab world has been in an exceedingly dangerous mood since the riots of last August in Palestine—more dangerous since than during those disturbances. The question is one which has importance far beyond the borders of Palestine, and not least in India itself. Under such conditions the duty of this Commission was clear: it had to make a very forthright report, and it has done so. It is pleasant to reflect that in this case the imperial responsibility has directed these gentlemen into the narrow path of justice.

We come to Mr. Snell's reservations. Divested of their embroideries, they appear to be three: that the government of Palestine and the grand mufti of Jerusalem should be blamed for not having foreseen and controlled events; that the land policy should not be changed, but the "Arab mind" on that question should be changed; and that Zionism is a noble experiment. The first of these reservations is perfectly valid if one begins by granting the gift of prophecy to the Palestine government and the grand mufti; the second looks like a mere begging of the question; and the third would appear, at first glance, to be irrelevant. Yet those who saw Mr. Snell at work in Palestine thought, long ago, that for him it was the crux of the matter. Like other sympathizers with Zionism, he seems to accept the nobility of the experiment as an excuse for its ignoble results.

The whole report presents the MacDonald government with a problem which is, practically speaking, insoluble. It is no secret that the Labor Cabinet is not united on the Palestine question. What body is? If the government does everything this report suggests, it might very nearly kill the Zionist movement or reduce it to insignificance; and then where would be England's legal excuse for the occupation of Palestine? Nowadays, as is well-known, empires cannot exist without such excuses. But if the government does not do something to palliate the régime to which the Arabs object in Palestine, there are likely to be more outbreaks, and perhaps in time a general Arab revolt. These alternatives are not pretty. Having betrayed the Arabs with great consistency and acumen since 1915, is the government now going to betray the Jews? Or will it prefer to keep part faith with the Jews and betray the Arabs once again?

It is probable that in this, as in everything else, the parties to the affair will do just what they are obliged to do and no more. Necessity is the mother of imperial benevolence. Among the documents which have been issued from the Colonial Office since the war for freedom and self-determination, none is more attractive than this Commission's report. If one had never seen any other documents of the sort—if one had not inspected their fruits on the bloody doorsteps of Jerusalem, or gone to bed for many nights with the cries of their victims still ringing in one's ears—the paternal godliness of this report might be more convincing. As it is, one is left with the assurance that Britons, at least, never will be slaves.

Magnet

Through castles of arboreal chrysoprase
The mullet goes in glory all his days.
No garnet domes in dreamy Xanadu
Approach the vaulted capitols of gold
Where fish are kings. No galleries hold
Such murals of imaginative blue.

Up through the balconies of salty towers
The mullet climbs. The sea's hypnotic flowers
Pluck at his silver spine with arms of jade;
Anemones like mammoth trilliums
Winnow the stair of wonder that he comes.
But he is swift and will not be delayed.

Pricked with electric flavor in his blood
He spreads Icarian wings of crystal wire;
Drunk with the moon's hot magnet of desire,
The sea's Endymion above the flood
He flings like fire his brief ecstatic leap,
An iridescent arrow from the deep.

Why should he leave his sunken Samarkand,
For sky's new Nautilus of opal arches?
Can he discern the goal beyond the marches?
Does he behold the air as Promised Land,
As moths and men cry starward in the night,
Promethean before the unknown light?

ERNEST HARTSOCK.

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IN TYROL

By CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THE Tyrolese weather had been for a week at its worst. August rains had deluged the whole valley of the Inn and the mountains had disappeared from view. After a Sunday, like the preceding days spent uninterruptedly in the stuffiness of a pension room, I was determined on the Monday to get a breath of purer air and to stretch my atrophying legs over some of the nearer hills. The clouds still hung on the peaks and the mists moved slowly over the lower ranges, but there was no sign of a renewed downpour when I left Mühlau shortly after lunch for a jaunt over the slopes that lie to the north between Innsbruck and Hall.

I labored up the steep and rugged path skirting the Klamm, and on over the sodden meadows, past the Rumer Alm and the crumbling limestone ravine. It was hard walking; the air was almost too wet and thick for breathing; I was both hot with the exercise and cold with the pervading damp. Finally, having developed a thirst, I arrived at the Thaurer Alm upon which I had fixed as the terminus for my somewhat melancholy excursion; here I would have a glass of beer before starting on the journey back to Mühlau.

The hut was the epitome of desolation; the benches and tables in its little clearing had been turned on their sides, and there was no evidence of human activity either inside or outside, except a thin smoke that drifted from the chimney and refused to rise further. In response to my shout the woman who keeps the Alm, much surprised at having a patron on such a day, came out from her kitchen. She greeted me sympathetically and hurried in again for the beer. I resuscitated a bench and table, and prepared myself for a chilly and uncomfortable Jause.

The beer soon appeared and with it a man obviously of the purest peasant stock. Like most of the laboring Tyrolers beyond the age of fifty, he looked considerably older than he probably was. He was bent and wrinkled, his hair unkempt, the crevices in his unprotected neck noticeably dark with the dirt of the fields; but he was still wiry, still a man in the prime of life. His rugged face had in it all the marks of a strong native intelligence, untutored doubtless, but no less keen for that.

"Grüss Gott," he addressed me and shook me heartily by the hand. "It is too cold for you to sit out here. You're in a sweat, and there's no surer way to get pains in the back. Come into the kitchen. Frau Kieltrunk has a fire, and she will be happy to have you warm yourself."

I was by no means averse to falling in with this suggestion. A fire seemed at that moment the most important thing in the world. Conducted by my new friend, I moved into the kitchen, where we were soon a merry party: Frau Kieltrunk busily paring potatoes, the peasant and I drinking her beer, and all of us conversing.

The curiosity of my companions had, of course, first to be satisfied. My far from flawless German left them puzzled as to my nationality and they feared for a few moments, much to my amusement, that I might be Italian. On discovering, however, that I was nothing more alarming than an American, they were joviality itself. They bombarded me with questions; they required amplifications and further explanations of my accounts of Manhattan skyscrapers and of American prices; they smiled knowingly at the absurdity of prohibition, which was the one American peculiarity with which they were thoroughly familiar (evidently they were not devotees of the Innsbruck movies). It was long before their excitement had sufficiently waned to permit them to speak of themselves, but finally I learned, piece by piece, their own histories.

The man, whose name was Stollmark, was Frau Kieltrunk's brother (her husband had gone on business to the valley) and he had merely dropped in for a social chat on his way home from the salt mines. His home was in the plain below at Arzl and there he had lived for the past thirty years, except for the period of the war, when he had been in the army on the Italian front. He was only by adoption, however, a genuine Arzler for he had been born in Rum, a village perhaps three-quarters of a mile from his present house. But said he, "Born a Rumer, always a Rumer." His sister still lived in her native hamlet, except in the summer, when she and her husband found it profitable to bring their cattle into the hills where the pasturage was better and where they could also count on Alpinists to take advantage of their hostelry.

"And what do Americans think of the republic?" Stollmark asked me.

I hardly knew what to reply, and fell into some stupid remark about one republic being pleased to welcome another into her company. He was silent for a minute or two. His gaiety was gone; he became at once all solemnity.

Frau Kieltrunk looked up from her culinary labors, "Ach, you Americans never had a kaiser. You should have seen Austria when she had the good Kaiser Franz."

"Yes," Stollmark put in. "The republic is not the same. There isn't much any more, and what there is, isn't the same. They say it is better now, and that we ought to like it, but I can remember when Austria was a happier country. Have you seen the Reich? That's what we will come to. We will be like the Bavarians—all of Austria just a part of another empire. No Austria, no Tyrol and the Germans on our shoulders. It's the republic that will do it, but even that will be better than what we have now. What is the republic?—a lot of men in Wien fighting with each other. They don't know Tyrol, they don't care about Tyrol. The Kaiser didn't have to fight with anybody to do what he wanted, and he knew what was good for Tyrol, just as he knew what was good for Wien or Steiermark. In the American republic is there always fighting?"

I confessed that peace did not always reign in Washington, and explained as best I could how there had to be conflict between two parties in order to keep the government going.

"We have parties all right," he replied, "but they don't care about Austria. They care only for themselves. The Socialists want their way, the Heimwehr wants whatever the Socialists don't want, and Austria never gets anything."

Frau Kieltrunk, who had nodded her head approvingly at all her brother said, had something of her own to add. "No. Things are not what they were even in Rum, and it's the young people who will never know any better. They are full of large notions, but they never do anything. They have not even respect. They neglect the church. They are not fromm. My sons leave all the work to their father and me, while they go off to Innsbruck. I don't see what the world is coming to when the young people have no regard for their elders and no love for the heilige Maria."

"They think they know everything," resumed Stollmark, "and they only waste their time. They read in the newspapers about liberty and the glories of a republic, and they suppose there is no longer any reason for doing as their fathers have done before them. I read the newspapers too, but I can under-

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stand better what is going on, because I remember the days before the war. It was true then that we had to work for what we got, and it is just as true now, even though Austria is a republic. My sons won't believe that; like their cousins they expect to find easy money in the Hauptstadt, but they never find it."

It seemed somehow useless to argue against them. They knew the difficulties of their own conditions and they saw their only relief in the ways of the past. It would do no good to extol the advantages of a democracy, when all they had found in one was increasing poverty and the defection of their children from the only standards to which they trusted. I tried to talk of more pleasant things, of the magnificence of the mountains, of the grandeur of the glaciers in the Zillerthal, but Stollmark had opened his heart and was not to be restrained from the complete confession of his opinions.

"I fought for nearly the whole four years in the war, and I with wife and children in Arzl. They were long years and very hard, but I did not grudge them. They were for Austria and the Kaiser. But now would I be happy in fighting for Austria? No—because there is no Austria, there is only the republic. Would my sons fight for Austria? No—because they have no respect for Austria; they do not love her, they do not know her; they know only the republic, and the republic to them is only an easy way of living. It was a sad day when we lost the Kaiser. I was born under Franz Josef, and I was taken as a child to see him in Innsbruck. I went to the war for him. We loved him. Now we have nothing to love but a lot of quarreling politicians who can do nothing to bring back the old Austria, even if they wanted it. We can only pray for the Anschluss, and heaven knows that that will not really please us."

His words were strong with sincerity; he spoke slowly, almost painfully. I was so moved by his simple eloquence that I thought it indelicate to leave without first allowing him time to recover from his depression, but I had to return for supper and it was already nearly six o'clock. I paid Frau Kieltrunk for our several beers and for Stollmark's Schnaps, and prepared to go.

They both shook hands with me and wished me a good voyage back to America. Stollmark accompanied me into the clearing and said farewell with a final "Grüss Gott." I started down the hill, and as I hurried I could see towering above me on a spur of the mountains, just emerging from the mists, the great stone pyramid, the Kaisersäule, which an emperor had built as a symbol of his regard for Tyrol.

Dies Irae

This orb, this planet in all-whelming space,
This atom of the infinite—this star,
This nestling of the changing whence we are
Shall be consumed in one eterne embrace
What time we shall behold His awful face;
What time from out the elements that mar
Some spirit of eternal wrath afar
Shall gird us to infinity's last grace.

Yet nothing shall be lost—for lo! this flower
Wooing time's heart through aeons still will bloom:
This tree, the glad gift of our mortal hour,
Still lift His branches to the eternal doom:
The effigy, the essence, and the dower,
Of earth's sad night shall aye for heaven consume.

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Hotel Universe

PHILIP BARRY'S new play, in one long act without intermission, has fared rather badly at the hands of New York critics. Their objections to certain details of play structure, to the awkward handling of certain scenes and to one or two incongruous episodes are perhaps well taken. The play lacks craftsmanship—as if it had been poured out in a torrent. But its central idea is so simple, so obvious and so coherent that one is amazed at an accusation of vagueness and confusion.

Barry has simply taken the old thought that we are often chained to the past, and so prevented from forging ahead, by the fact that our memory of the past is largely illusion, and that if we can once relive the past in all its stark truth, we recover our faith in the present. In other words, a daughter may remember her dead father as one of the most entertaining and fascinating men on earth, forgetting that he was a worthless drunkard and an impossible egotist. Let some shock or accident bring back the full truth to her mind, and she is at once freed. We are always imagining the superior beauties of the past and neglecting the precious instants of the here and now. Barry has simply thrown together a group of people, each one of whom is suffering from this spell of an imagined past, and for that reason discontented or disconsolate—even to the point of suicide—with the present. Through the device of a mysterious old man, the father of one of the group, Barry has arranged to have a spell cast over all of these discontents through which each one relives the true past and so finds freedom and happiness and a return of lost faith. It is not a highly subtle idea, nor is it, as several critics hinted, a relic of Freudian psychology. It is pretty much ordinary common sense, applied with fanciful touch, some highly engaging dialogue, and an intensity of hidden feeling which occasionally leads Barry astray in his technique. It is, if one may be permitted to use the word these days, a deeply religious play in the sense that true religion demands an acceptance of present reality as the basis of stalwart faith. Tender and mistaken illusions of the past only create a conflict in the present which, sooner or later, attacks the roots of faith, hope and love.

Plays of this sort are, of course, peculiarly difficult to write in a way that maintains complete theatrical illusion. Only such rare masterpieces as Ansky's The Dybbuk are able to lift you from the plane of gross realism to a plane where the supernatural or the extraordinary seems plausible. In many of his scenes on the veranda of an old house overlooking the Mediterranean, Barry has effected this sense of the plausible with considerable skill. But he has failed often enough to account, in some measure, for the confusion the play has created in many minds. In spite of this, I feel it is not only the most ambitious but also, in its essence, by far the finest play Barry has yet had produced.

To Phillip Moeller in particular there should be strong words of delight for what he has accomplished in fusing the frequently scattered elements. Under his direction, Katherine Alexander, Glenn Anders and Earle Larrimore give three splendidly direct and understanding performances. Franchot Tone and Phyllis Povah are also excellent. Ruth Gordon is less appropriately cast, but does passably well in spite of mannerisms which she cannot throw off entirely. A final note of excellence is supplied by Lee Simonson's Riviera setting. (At the Martin Beck Theatre.)

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AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY

By

James H. Ryan

Of the Faculty of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America

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Uncle Vanya

RARELY—speaking in terms of years rather than weeks—does New York have the chance to witness so sensitive and moving a performance of any play as Jed Harris's production of Uncle Vanya by Chekhov. In casting, in direction, in appropriate scenic setting, in careful modulation and in perfection of ensemble, it will, I believe, linger long among the memories of modern masterpieces.

Those who think of Jed Harris only as the producer of such flamboyant bits as Broadway and The Front Page, and have forgotten, perhaps, the better moments of Coquette, will find in this extraordinary rendering of a Russian classic the reflection of a surprising personality. For Uncle Vanya in its present form is almost entirely the work of its producer. The play itself is of that type which is chiefly a skeleton of words. It must be acted superlatively well before it glows with life—acted, that is, by a group of artists who are willing to subordinate every individual impulse to the unifying influence of a director's hand until, with his help, they have endowed it with the quality of a symphony. One false note, or one character too blatantly played, would break the spell in an instant, leaving the audience bored with the seemingly endless sorrows and frustrations of a group of unimportant people. The author, of course, has put all the potentials of a great play into his work, but it is the kind of play one should either read or see acted only with the highest perfection. It is the play as a living thing on the stage which Mr. Harris has made his own, thus establishing himself as one of our few masters of stagecraft.

Miss Le Gallienne has done some notable work in the revival of Chekhov plays, and nothing one feels impelled to say concerning Mr. Harris's work should detract from the praise due her. The difference in plane between Miss Le Gallienne's productions of Chekhov and this by Jed Harris is simply the difference between unusual excellence and real greatness.

Uncle Vanya comes within the technical definition of comedy, but it is more a comedy of the soul, of trial, temptation and purgation, than of externals. It is a play in which fortitude carries the battle of the hour. Chekhov has taken, as usual, a group of people whose lives are strangely mixed up, and drawn simply and vividly the tangle of their emotions. There is the old retired professor, Alexander, whose egotism and selfishness know few bounds, and his young second wife, Helena, only a few years older than his daugter, Sonia. They live on a country estate which Alexander has inherited from his first wife. With them lives Uncle Vanya, brother of Alexander's first wife, also the first wife's mother and an old housekeeper. Michael Astroff, a country doctor, is a constant visitor at the estate. Little Sonia is in love with the doctor, but he, like Uncle Vanya, has eyes only for the gossamer Helena, whose strangely aloof and quiet suffering under the tyranny of Alexander wins the pity of all. In spite of herself, Helena is drawn to the doctor, but not to the point of yielding. Whichever way she looks, she is torn. Little Sonia, knowing nothing of the truth, asks Helena's help in her love. Uncle Vanya, suspecting all, watches Helena. In the end, Helena and her husband leave for Moscow—each, for very different reasons, finding the country unbearable—and the estate settles down again to the calm it had once known, purified by the suffering and struggle which no one could help and which all have had to face. At the final curtain, Uncle Vanya and his niece, Sonia, are alone, frustrated in all human love but trying bravely to look for consolation toward the eternity after the grave.

It is a play which, due to the completeness and tender sym-

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pathy with which Chekhov delineates each character, centers around no one person. It is no more a play of Uncle Vanya than of Helena or of Sonia or of Michael Astroff. It is as if Chekhov had taken us under an invisible cloak to this strange meeting place of souls, and asked us simply to watch the irony and the pity and the bravery of lives that were not meant to work out their destiny in the here and now. The story comes through to us without bitterness and only with deep and vibrant compassion. It is a play of fundamentally strong characters, tried to their innermost depths, and found capable of whatever sacrifices are demanded of them. There are moments of faltering in the struggle, moments when one or another of these tortured souls is ready to give up, moments so human that only a great master could dare to breathe life into them without risk of desecration. But it is the recovery, the great upward sweep from just such moments which gives the play its universal sway and truth.

To the interpretation of this story, Jed Harris has brought a group of artists, several of whom can now be evaluated at their true worth for the first time. Walter Connolly, for example, has given us many glimpses during the last few years of an exceptional talent, but in the dogged, pathetic and defeated Uncle Vanya, he gives us such a portrait as only the finest traditions of the stage could equal. Then there is Osgood Perkins whose varied career started out with playing nervous ministers, only to switch suddenly to such roughneck and vigorous parts as the city editor in The Front Page. Now, as Michael Astroff, he has a chance to give full play to his finely balanced mentality as well as to his feeling for proportion. Eugene Powers gives Alexander just that touch of fatuous dignity which makes his absurd egotism and selfishness credible.

To balance the excellence of this male cast, we have Lillian Gish and Joanna Roos in the rôles of Helena and Sonia respectively. It is the first appearance of Lillian Gish on the stage since those first days when her fragile artistry made the motion-picture world gasp. The stage has been the loser by this long interval. Her voice is pleasing and effective and her sense of the stage and complete command of it would do credit to a veteran. Joanna Roos is, as I have maintained in this department for several years, one of our very best younger actresses, capable of unmeasured depths of restrained intensity. It would be impossible to place these two rôles in better hands. Which fact, of course, brings us back to Jed Harris. He has not only selected these artists with an infallible sense of fitness, but has directed them in a perfection of ensemble almost unknown on Broadway. From every view, this Uncle Vanya is a rare experience in the theatre. (At the Cort Theatre.)

Approach to Truth

Now we are snared between the dawn and dusk,
And now again between the dusk and dawn.
Memory is the slit and silver husk
Shaping the day after the day is gone.

Nothing is static, nothing is the same,
Medusa is a dream; we have not found
Impervious adamant, or frozen flame,
Or flesh unanimated by a wound.

All that we cherish is impermanent,
All that we are is variable. We pass
From birth to death, hurried and impotent,
Probing the crystal with a blade of grass.

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COMMUNICATIONS

LEGAL RUBBISH

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Mrs. Boole, national president of the W. C. T. U., has given us the rather disturbing assurance that "the President's commission on law observance and law enforcement will remove much of the legal rubbish which has interfered with law enforcement." I say disturbing assurance, because "the legal rubbish" which Mrs. Boole and those for whom she speaks, evidently have in mind are those "interferences" which are contained in and go to make up our Bill of Rights. Mrs. Boole may be excused for advocating the removal of this "legal rubbish" on the grounds of what Thomas Norton in his able book, Losing Liberty Judicially, aptly describes as "constitutional illiteracy." But, unfortunately, Mr. Wickersham cannot be so easily exonerated for his evident willingness to supply the modus operandi for the attainment of Mrs. Boole's objective.

While grappling with the prohibition problem, the Wickersham commission evidently concluded that one of the most serious obstacles to effective law enforcement was the terribly congested condition of the courts. And this congested condition is due, says Mr. Wickersham, to the fact that the Jones law, with the exception of illegal possession and the maintenance of a nuisance, makes "every violation of the national prohibition act a potential felony." For being felonies, they thus come within the scope of the Supreme Court's definition of what constitutes "an infamous crime" and consequently (1) every offender must be proceeded against by grand jury indictments, and (2) the offender is entitled to a jury trial.

Hence, Mr. Wickersham has reasoned to the conclusion that the congestion of the courts can be measurably relieved if a little "legal rubbish," in the form of indictments and jury trials can be removed. So Mr. Wickersham proposes in the first place, that the Jones act be amended so as to define the "nature of those violations" which constitute "casual or trivial" offenses, thus removing these "petty cases" from the category of potential felonies and classifying them as misdemeanors with a maximum penalty for each offense of a fine of $500 or six months in jail or both.

Having removed these cases from the category of "infamous crimes," the removal of a little "legal rubbish" becomes a fairly easy task. For now (1) the grand jury indictments are taken away in Mrs. Boole's tip cart and "proceedings upon complaint or information" is hauled to the scene in Mr. Wickersham's new legal jig; (2) jury trials are, to all intents and purposes, done away with. For under Mr. Wickersham's novel proposal, offenders are now brought before a United States commissioner for a hearing. The commissioner, unable to exercise a judicial act, simply reports his findings to a district court and (1) makes no recommendations at all, or (2) makes a recommendation of acquittal, or (3) makes a recommendation of conviction. And be it noted, that it is only when the commissioner recommends a conviction that the offender can demand a jury trial. In all other cases he must take his chances with the court, notwithstanding the fact that the judge may ignore the commissioner's recommendation for acquittal and find the offender guilty and sentence him to a possible six months' imprisonment with the possibility of the judge having never seen the culprit.

Thus to all intents and purposes, the offender's constitutional right to a jury trial goes lumbering away in Mrs. Boole's tip-

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cart, as so much "legal rubbish" while the offender in all probability will be spirited away in "the poddy wagon."

But suppose the commissioner recommends a conviction and within three days the offender demands a jury trial, what then? For his impertinence in thus defying the commissioner, his legal status becomes an exceedingly precarious one, to say the least. For, although up to this stage of the proceedings, the government has been proceeding against the offender on the assumption that he has been guilty of a misdemeanor, the district attorney is now empowered to decide whether the offense shall still be treated as such or whether it shall suddenly become a felony—"an infamous crime"—subject to the harsh penalties of the Jones act of either $10,000 fine, five years in jail, or both.

In other words, to get rid of grand jury indictments and trial by juries certain offenses now termed felonies were to be treated as misdemeanors. But if the offender stands on his constitutional right of a jury trial in the only instance in which this is permitted—he may suddenly find out to his sorrow that his misdemeanor is suddenly turned into a felony on the sole say-so of a mere individual—the district attorney. For demanding his constitutional rights, he may be penalized. Thus in the hands of a district attorney is placed an extremely dangerous club, which he is permitted to hold over the head of the offender from the moment he is ushered into the commissioner's presence. In effect the district attorney can say to the offender, "Give up your constitutional rights altogether and I will treat you leniently. Insist on them and I will do all within my power to send you up for five years."

We have seen "legal rubbish" in the form of constitutional rights lugged away by enterprising drys since the early days of the dry régime, by way of injunctions; by the resurrection of the old internal revenue laws of 1866 and by decisions such as the infamous wise-topping decisions. Just where this whole business will terminate, it is difficult to say. But one thing is fairly certain, and that is, that if the Eighteenth Amendment is ever enforced it will be enforced over the dead body of our Bill of Rights. And evil precedents now established to enforce the dry laws may some day come back to plague the present-day sponsors. For as Tacitus once wrote, "That which is now supported by example, growing old, will become an example itself."

Even Portia refused to accept Bassanio's advice, "To do a great right, do a little wrong," knowing, as she did, the evil consequences of bad precedents.

JAMES F. DESMOND.

A CLOUD FROM CANADA

Toronto, Can.

TO the Editor:—In A Cloud from Canada in your issue of March 5, Mr. Seitz's economics were false and his history untrue in his story of the repudiation of prohibition in Canada. As his economic principles have already been dealt with may I point out that when he described Quebec as the first province to adopt government control he was right, but when he stated that Ontario was second and that instantly Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia "had to follow to save their bacon" he was wrong. British Columbia was the first to walk in the footsteps of Quebec. In 1923 Alberta repudiated prohibition; and in 1924 Saskatchewan adopted the system of government control. It was not until 1926 that Ontario decided upon its present policy.

When Mr. Seitz pictures Canada as a country driven by financial decay to repudiate anti-liquor legislation his theory is

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again false. At no time did such a consideration influence the people of this country to deal with the liquor problem as they did. The dominating motive in their objection to prohibition was a moral one. Canadians know the potential wealth to be found in their forests and streams, in their mines and water powers, and in their lands. As a matter of fact revenues from these sources have increased to such an extent during the last ten years that our governments might well dispense with liquor profits and still carry out a large share of their progressive policies.

Might I say that the main economic objection to prohibition here was not the loss of revenue but rather the very high cost of a futile enforcement?

REV. JOHN E. BURKE, C.S.P.

THE NEW FEAST

Portland, Ore.

TO the Editor:—We have just received a cablegram from Rome granting the institution of a new ecclesiastical feast day to "Mater Generis Humani," under the title Behold Thy Mother, which is the dignification of the mission of the National Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother, located at Portland, Oregon.

The petition for the setting aside of the feast day was presented to His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, almost a year ago. It was then passed over to Cardinal Laurenti, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The presentation was then made to the experts of liturgy; and, after the regular procedure, was solemnly proclaimed as an established feast. A cablegram reached the Sanctuary Saturday, March 22, from the prior general, Most Reverend A. M. Moore, O.S.M., Rome, Italy, as follows: "Celebration of feast granted for second Sunday in May, Mother's Day. The documentary authorization will be forthcoming within the next few weeks."

The initial celebration of the feast day will be held May 11 at the National Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother. It is the privilege of the Sanctuary, which is dedicated to motherhood, demonstrating and emphasizing the two personalities, our spiritual mother and our earthly mother, to have this ecclesiastically established feast day celebrated and solemnized on the second Sunday of May, Mother's Day, which is also a legal holiday in the United States, thus elevating this day to a holy festival by sublime association with the mother of our souls. A special Mass has also been written and is awaiting its final approval.

A few of the devotional ideals that inspired this new feast to the maternal heart may be stated briefly, as they were presented to the Holy See: "Whether we consider our Blessed Mother in respect to God, or in respect to herself, she stands immeasurably apart; but in her relation to men, she is our mother, intimately associated to her children. Therefore, the feast to her spiritual motherhood would reëcho the union Christ established on the cross—'Behold thy son—Behold Thy Mother.'

"Holy Mother, the Church, through her feasts to Mary, brings out her many attributes, prerogatives, and the position in which she stands in respect to God; but the one link between her and ourselves, the elevation of her motherhood, the Saviour's last appeal, our acceptance of her, is not recognized by a feast day.

"This feast, in its relation to us, would be the culmination of all other feasts of our Blessed Mother. It is the fruit of her divine relationship, of her exalted personal characteristics, of her martyrdom, of her coredeeming properties. It is the final

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allotment of Infinite mercy, humanity's greatest bequest. Such a feast looming forth from Christ's Holy Church would confirm in the minds of all the maternal character in the Divine plan bequeathed to us."

When this message of the Sanctuary first went forth, an immediate response of approval was received from every state in the union, and elsewhere. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have thronged in order to show their loving recognition to their Blessed Mother, their spiritual filiation and filial love.

The National Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother is situated at Portland, Oregon, comprising approximately sixty acres of territory. A huge grotto hewn into the solid rock, with an immense auditorium was erected about three years ago. At the present time seven shrines are being temporarily erected, in which will be placed the statuary representing the seven great sorrows in the life of our Blessed Mother, the recognition of which, Holy Mother the Church has always considered as our complete compassion to our sorrowful mother's martyrdom.

Almost a year ago, the permission was received from the Holy See to establish the Sanctuary Confraternity of our Sorrowful Mother, and special permission was given to make it nation-wide, and investing the Sanctuary with the power of subdelegating any authorized priest to enrol its members throughout the country.

The Servite Fathers, of Portland, Oregon, under whose auspices this national institution is being erected, were founded in 1233 by seven noblemen of Florence, Italy. It is their mission to place before the world the position our Blessed Mother holds in our redemption. That this mission might be extended and placed into the hearts of all our people, even as Christ did so intend, when He raised His own Mother into the dignity of the mother of our souls, the cause of the National Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother was projected, and the Sovereign Pontiff, in its inception, by a personal letter gave his apostolic benediction to all those who show their good-will and assist.

REV. A. M. MAYER, O.S.M.,
Rector and Treasurer,
Sanctuary of our Sorrowful Mother, Incorporated.

WRITING UP ALMA MATER

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editor:—I was very much interested in your editorial, Writing Up Alma Mater in the issue of April 9. I was particularly pleased to have the suggestions you made to Catholics who might be legitimately interested in a higher educational program. There was one suggestion you made upon which I would like to comment.

There must come to be a Catholic Harvard. I think we should make a fundamental mistake if we would direct Catholic energy in this country to a single Catholic university. By all means let us have a Catholic Harvard in the East, but why not a Catholic Chicago in the Middle-west, and a Catholic California or Stanford in the far West, and in the South where there is no real great university in the same sense with these other four, there might be a Loyola of the South, greater than anything in that section of the country—a Loyola of the South in New Orleans. Why not think continently about Catholic education, and develop these regional intellectual power-houses that will make for a genuine, Catholic apostolate of great intellectual distinction?

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK,
Dean of the Graduate School, Marquette University.

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BOOKS

The Social Sciences in Review

The Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences; Volume I. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

THE Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences, of which this volume is the initial product, is a vast project. No similar work has ever been undertaken. There are encyclopaedias of economics, of political science and of sociology but never before has an attempt been made to bring the subject-matter of all of the related social sciences together in a book from A to Z. The preparation for the project quite befitted its vastness. Beginning in 1923 with a resolution from the American Sociological Society, the representatives of the various groups continued to assemble and plan actively throughout the years since 1925. The editor-in-chief, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, as a part of the preparation, visited during 1927 all of the leading universities of Europe to solicit the coöperation of scholars. A widespread campaign to enlist American scholars brought enthusiastic responses. The encyclopaedia has therefore been launched with the benediction and support of all of the forces which count in the field. It should be noted that the publication is not a commercial venture. It is managed as a co-operative enterprise and is backed by the Social Science Research Council.

Why a great encyclopaedia of this kind? The editor-in-chief answers that question thus: "It is only in comparatively recent years that the interdependence of the social sciences has come to be recognized as a concept necessary to their progress. The older sciences had such a great mass of phenomena to arrange and to interpret that each of them was busy in pursuing its own problems. The newer sciences found enough to do in staking out their respective fields and in vindicating their claim to existence as separate disciplines. The result was that all the sciences continued in water-tight compartments and it was thought that the greatest progress could be made by emphasizing differences rather than similarities. There was in truth much to be said for this point of view in the early years of development; but there has come a slow realization that, while there are all kinds of associations and many angles from which human contacts can be profitably studied, it is a mistake to separate them permanently into independent sections. . . . The conclusions reached by the separate sciences were gradually recognized as incomplete and provisional, and the demand went forth to attempt a better analysis through a more comprehensive synthesis."

The editors of the Encyclopaedia have aimed to "provide for the scholar a synopsis of the progress that has been made in the various fields of social science," to call attention of students "in a hitherto unusual way, to the relation of his own science to the other disciplines involved" and "to serve as an incentive to the votaries of the younger and more inchoate sciences in order to bring to fruition what is now only in germ."

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articles deals with The Social Sciences as Disciplines, and covers the same for all of the leading countries of Europe, and for Japan, Latin America and the United States. There are 349 double-column, closely printed pages in this comprehensive introduction and review.

Then comes the beginning of the procession of subjects from Aaron Aaronson to Allegiance, each by a specially selected author. Biographies are included of deceased leaders of and contributors to the social sciences throughout the world.

The international character of the new Encyclopaedia is noteworthy. While American in design and management, five countries, England, Germany, France, Italy and Switzerland, are represented among the advisory editors and a large number of foreign scholars contribute, the announced policy being to assign a subject to "the scholar who is indisputably best qualified for that particular topic."

JOHN A. LAPP.

Headlining Lucidities

The Intelligible World, by Wilbur Marshall Urban. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

PHILOSOPHY, says Professor Urban of Dartmouth, is "intelligible discourse about the world." His own work, which is philosophic on these terms, is an attempt to make an important turn in thought. It is true to say that it embodies the ideal of the Scholastic movement, the ideal of linking all that is persistent in earlier systems with what is significant in present views. This is a large undertaking, and anyone who faces it appears handicapped. It merely means, however, that not all insight began with our negative visions and that some of the light shed in the past will always shine. Often it is ourselves that begin handicapped, with none of the compounded wisdom got from human living.

For full intelligibility, the ends of the world itself must be looped up together. Beginnings and endings, long neglected for the intermediaries, need to be reëxamined, it is so well known, as Balfour said, that "origins qualify values." In Urban's thought, an intelligible world is one in which "a life of meaning and significance can be lived." If I cannot acknowledge a man's purposes and values, his life is unintelligible to me. And life itself, in Tolstoy's words, is a centre of values.

The earlier headlining of the universe is sure to recur. We admit it now in life but try to keep it out of theory. For example, we await an intelligible concept of evolution. This can be done only in terms of finality. The doctrine of final causes cannot be kept down, because thought, and life before it, is committed to meaning and finality. Evolution and progress cannot be grasped as devoid of the elements of perfection and value; they are unintelligible as something, or, if substance be denied, as nothing coming from nowhere and going nowhere. Extreme reductionism also is unintelligible; as Santayana has said, to aver that each thing is nothing but something less than itself nears saying that everything is nothing. In a word, for intelligibility and livability Professor Urban asks us to respect the classic doctrines of origin, substance, development and end. These are the older lucidities to which men return as to the great works of art. His demand is big, for modern thought is under the impression that such patterns were logically dissipated long ago and cannot be reassembled. However, "philosophy dare not be moody." What we want is not the modern or other temper but intelligible thought.

The tired rascals of philosophic modernism, which is as old as the hills, allow time, novelty and creative accumulation but

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deny God, spirit and eternity. The men of "the great tradition," from Plato to Hegel, affirm novelty and time and perhaps matter, but in the long run interpret in other terms. Here are the full-view dichotomies, God or no God, spirit or no spirit, the chief place to time or to eternity.

Professor Urban has made perhaps the best lone effort to bring together the two worlds, modern philosophy, shorn of moods and impressions, and the great tradition. A work so bold in design is almost sure to fail in the first draft from a single pen; and yet quite sure to succeed. It is too close to modern thought as thought, too far from mooning over a dead past, too firmly woven into the continuity of the race to fail. It asks us to see old truths in a new way and undoubtedly it takes a long step in that direction.

LEO R. WARD.

More Chinese Translations

The Jade Mountain: A Chinese Anthology, by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-Hu. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

IT IS no longer possible to regard Chinese poetry as an entirely alien and exotic product that can have no very real significance for us and our tradition. American poetry of recent years has given increasing evidence of contact with the nature poetry of China. It is not merely that such poets as Amy Lowell and others have poured characteristically Chinese images and colors into their verse. The method and even the temper of American poetry has been affected to a degree which, in the near future, will suggest the necessity of our knowing something of this alien tradition that has touched our poetry and left it changed. It is not without significance that such western figures as Cranmer-Byng and Judith Gautier and our own Amy Lowell and Ezra Pound and Witter Bynner have found something in this Chinese poetry to satisfy a need unsatisfied by the poetry of our own tradition, and that our own poetry has been so hospitable in assimilating something of this alien art.

This gives peculiar point to the appearance of Mr. Bynner's book. It would be welcomed, I fancy, merely on the score that it is a beautiful thing, and that it is his. And no better reasons are needed for reading it. But it will be especially welcomed by those who see in it another entrance into that world that is so richly entrancing in itself, and that is becoming increasingly significant for the English tradition because of certain congenial elements which are assimilated by American poetry, to the latter's great enrichment.

The introductory essays of Mr. Bynner and Mr. Kiang-Hu will serve to quicken the memories of some and to inform others. Thus Mr. Bynner does much to prepare the reader for the proper approach to the poems, when he says: "They are the heart of an intimate letter. They bring the true, the beautiful, the everlasting, into simple, easy touch with the human, the homely and the immediate." He might have said, also, that the poetry as a whole has a marked diarist character, that to read any considerable quantity of a single poet's work, is to acquire the feeling that one is reading that poet's diary, his day-by-day journal, where the casual and apparently trivial is set down side by side with the crucial and affecting. This characteristic is emphasized in the title and arrangement of Mrs. Ayscough's new translations, The Autobiography of Tu Fu. The effect is—on the English reader, at first—of a kind of pointless horizontalism. There are so few peaks. And it is only after initiation, that the English reader acquires the feeling of the profound richness of this poetry into which a

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whole life has passed—a poetry which did not confine itself to selected moments of thrilling intensity and significance, but recorded also the sweet and common uses of everyday experience, which after all, make our lives what they are. One acquires the feeling that these poets observe, for the sheer love of observing, and contemplate, for the sheer love of contemplating, and the observations and contemplations are recorded for that delight, whether they be peculiarly acute and significant or not.

The intricacy of Chinese verse forms is an appalling thing and has little interest save for the curious—beyond furnishing a furtive hint of what is necessarily lost in translation, which cannot hope to reproduce the tone effects which those prescriptions were designed to create. The music we must count as lost. But we turn for consolation to the good fortune which directed so gifted and musical a poet as Witter Bynner to the Chinese field. It is no disparagement of Arthur Waley, pioneer and excellent scholar in the field, to rejoice in the fact that one who is first and essentially a poet, has turned his attention to Chinese poetry. Mr. Bynner has resisted what must have been a temptation to make English verse out of his originals—verse characterized by the cryptic turn of thought and phrase, or resolving into the catch-throat dénouement. In the absence of these, the poems have, in his version, the dignity and quiet integrity which we think of Chinese poetry as possessing.

The poems are all taken from T'ang Dynasty (618-906) the golden age of Chinese poetry. In addition to the prefaces by Mr. Bynner and his translator, Mr. Kiang Kang-Hu, the book is supplied with a historical chronology, a chronology of the poets, a topography and explanatory notes on the poems.

DAVID MORTON.

The Significance of Motives

The Training of the Will, by Johann Lindworsky, S.J.; translated by Arpad Steiner and Edward A. Fitzpatrick. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $1.80.

IN THE flood of current behavioristic literature with its total disregard or outright denial of the existence of the will, it is refreshing to come upon a work treating specifically of this largely neglected subject. When it is discussed by a master such as the distinguished Jesuit psychologist, Father Lindworsky, it becomes a matter of importance in the literature of education and psychology. The translators have, indeed, rendered a valuable service in making Die Willensshule available to the American teacher and the student of psychology.

There is an introduction by Edward A. Fitzpatrick, editor of The Marquette Monographs in Education, of which this book is the four in the series. Herein a summary of the author's principles is presented and their main implications emphasized. The subject-matter of the book, originally delivered in a series of lectures at educational conferences in Germany, treats first of the psychology of the will and on this basis there is constructed a pedagogy of the will followed by chapters illustrating the practical applications of his principles.

The author states that the results of experimental psychology indicate clearly that there are many false conceptions of the will. While experimental research at first rejected the will, it now supports the common-sense view, that it is something distinct from thinking, imagining, feeling and acting. Father Lindworsky severely criticizes the view which regards such research as superfluous, because the results of experiments co-

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incide with common sense. He observes "that 'common sense' was greatly embarrassed when facing the experimental findings which seemed to disprove the existence of volition, and that 'common sense' was unable to furnish any information to the psychologist whose confidence in the prescientific form of introspection was shaken by many self-deceptions unveiled by experiments."

The central theme of Father Lindworsky's work is the doctrine of values. The mere repetition of energetic acts of will does not produce a strong will. He stresses throughout the significance of motives. "Wherever there is an aim, a value, a motive, will power is found at work." And if there is to be a lasting will power, we must necessarily have a lasting and ever-present motive. He would "build up the whole of education on the significance of the motives." The problem of the self-willed child, for example, is not solved by "breaking the will" but by correcting the motives. The various complexes of motives must be harmonized and integrated that there may result a unified life ideal. This system of moral training is exemplified, the author shows, in the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius Loyola.

The central position which religion occupies in the system of values and its importance in coördinating other values in life's ideals, is admirably discussed by the author. The final chapter is devoted to Practical Suggestions in problems for groups and for self-education.

CORNELIUS J. CONNOLLY.

Destiny or Accident

Martin Luther: A Destiny, by Lucien Febvre; translated by Roberts Tapley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.75.

MARTIN LUTHER: A Destiny. Perhaps. But after finishing Febvre one wonders if a truer title might not have been, Martin Luther: An Accident. Opposite the title page, indeed, Professor Febvre prints a passage from Mathesius (vii) which seems to bear this out: "A friend once said to him that he was the liberator of Christianity. 'Yes,' he replied. 'I am and have been that. But in the manner of a blind horse who knows not whither he is led.' "

In 1517 Luther had no more idea of bringing about the results which we now call the Protestant reformation, or the Protestant revolt, than the Pope himself had. It was not due to any particular organizing genius in Luther that he did not prove as ineffective in shaking the papal power as had Wycliffe or Arnold of Brescia. The difference was not in Luther, but in the circumstances under which he worked. Luther knew as little as the papal court that conditions were such as to precipitate a successful revolution wresting practically the whole of northern Europe from Rome. Moreover, what Luther left behind him on earth was a mocking counterfeit of the "edifice that a fair architect, inspired with Luther's ideas and believing in his task . . . might easily have erected on the soil laid waste by the powerful hand of revolt." But Luther was not a builder. As Professor Eby, a Baptist, once phrased it, Luther hanged masters for religion. He substituted the Prussian state for the Bishop of Rome.

Professor Febvre has written a fascinating life of a colorful figure. After the cynicism of Strachey and the omniscience of so many psychological biographers, Febvre is a delight to the tired spirit. And he proves that one can be interesting without descending to the worn-out tricks of modern journalese. Febvre evidently sympathizes with his subject. And for that

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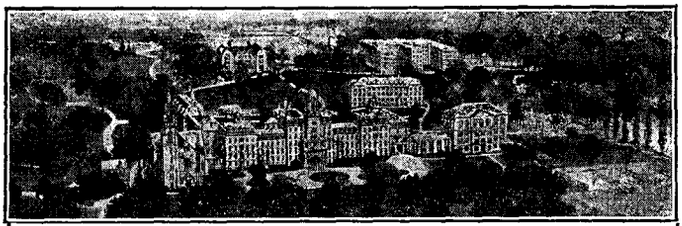

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reason the ultimately unfavorable impression of Luther is the more emphatic. Discarding both the mythical saint and the mythical devil of early Lutheran and Catholic controversy, he utilizes the results of the most modern research. But in spite of the biographer's sympathy, Luther emerges rather a sorry figure. In the crucial years after 1525, Luther often asked, "Why did not the Lord accept the offering of my life?" And if he had died immediately after the Diet of Worms, he would have been a more attractive figure. Like many another man, he lived too long. God knows that in Luther's days, there were abuses and corruption enough to cry to heaven for reformation. But as a genuine reformer, Luther (even in this sympathetic biography) suffers terribly by contrast with Charles Borromeo, or Bellarmine, or Francis de Sales, or even Erasmus —to say nothing of that supremely lovable reformer, Francis of Assisi. It was Rome rather than Luther that came through the ordeal of those trying years purified and spiritually refreshed.

J. Elliot Ross.

Hewn to the Plot

Touchstone, by Ben Ames Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THE originality of Mr. Williams's story does not need overstatement of tragedy to assure its interest and poignancy. A devoted mother and father discover that one of the two boys they had raised as twins is not theirs, but the infant nurse who revealed this secret is unable before her death to say whether Tony or Sandy is the real heir. This knowledge, which they share in dread and guilty silence, distorts their lives, colors all their relationship with the two who do not question their paternity and makes them supersensitive in all their parental reactions.

Here were opportunities for splendid character portrayal but unfortunately Mr. Williams is not interested in anything but an actual narration of what happened. The emotions of the parents are mainly expressed in physical symbols—"looks of anguish," "a red weariness" of eyes, pitiful collapse, "sagging of cheek"—so that the reader is made to see and not to feel their grief. He even comes to suspect that Mr. Williams is stepping-up their sorrow for a deliberate effect. This same defect is also noticeable in his characterization of Tony, whose lovableness is loudly proclaimed by the other figures but whose impression on the reader is that of a flip, irrepressible wise-cracker.

In the matter of suspense the author has tripped over the obvious. The extraordinary efforts of both Mr. and Mrs. Caterson, difficult enough before the revelation of the secret of their birth and intensified thereafter, to be impartial in their love of the two boys, while their preference for Tony is all too obvious, prepare the ground for their quiet and unspoken acceptance of the fact that he is not their son. Consolation in Sandy's eventual emergence as a happier, more substantial man, and Tony's final dissolution and heroically tragic death is Mr. Williams's concession to a happy ending. But if Mr. and Mrs. Caterson are satisfied, the reader is not.

Throughout Mr. Williams has done a workmanlike job—it may, perhaps, be said that he has been too workmanlike, that he has too strictly hewn to the bare outlines of his plot. His theme possesses a wide appeal and is to be commended as one which treats of paternal love in terms other than the sickly sentimental ones of the cinema.

John Gilland Brunini.

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Next Week: Book Number

Seldom do editors have the opportunity to publish such delightful and characteristic letters as those which Louise Imogen Guiney wrote during the years of her life and work in Oxford to a friend in Boston. Miss Guiney's importance as an American poet is too well known to be stressed here; it may be said, however, that these genial communications reintroduce the notes of sincerity and spontaneity evident in her poems. These LETTERS FROM OXFORD have been selected and prefaced by Katharine Maynard. . . . Since the first white settler landed in America the status of the Indian has been reversed. He has fallen from the high state of a free man to the sorry one of a nation's ward. In WHAT OF THE INDIAN? George E. Anderson discusses his present situation and what Congress has been asked to do to improve conditions on the reservations. . . . THE BOSTON PILOT is celebrating the centenary of its founding and in his paper Patrick F. Scanlan appropriately reviews the achievements of this official organ of the archdiocese of Boston. . . . That all is not well in Mexico is apparent in many straws which point in any wind. SONORA UNFOMENTED by George Anthony Weller deals with conditions in that district which might be called "The Mother of Revolutions." . . . It is a distinct pleasure to announce anything from the pen of Hilaire Belloc and The Commonweal, rejoices over his article, MONEY. Contrary to possible expectation Mr. Belloc does not advise "how to become rich quickly" nor "what to do with the beastly thing at all." . . . The issue will be rounded out with the delayed essay by Louise Owen, MYOPIA IN ROSE AND BLUE and Michael Williams's PLACES AND PERSONS.

Briefer Mention

A History of Egypt, by James Baikie. New York: The Macmillan Company. $10.50.

INTEREST in Egyptian civilization has grown in consonance with the increasing knowledge regarding it amassed by archaeologists and historians. Mr. Baikie's two-volume work is undoubtedly the best general account yet made available. Written in the modern way, with due attentiveness to geographical and economic factors, it utilizes documentary evidence wherever that is to the point. The pleasure which comes from hearing the Egyptians speak for themselves compensates the reader for the tedium, unavoidable in narratives such as this, of juggling divergent historical opinions for the sake of arriving at a judicious compromise. Mr. Baikie writes very well, and the amount of illustrative material he adduces does not tax his ability to compose. One regrets merely the occasional faultiness of the proof reading. The present volumes carry the story to the end of the eighteenth dynasty, it being hoped that the work may later be added to. It is an interesting and significant achievement, of which all libraries must take notice.

The Crusades, by Konrad Bercovici. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $5.00.

THIS book adds nothing to our knowledge of the crusades, so far as scholarship is concerned. On the contrary, it is quite frankly a popularization. The format is most attractive both as to text and to contemporary illustrations. The style is delightfully colloquial. The short but comprehensive bibliography indicates that the author has delved into the sources. There are spirited accounts of the first three crusades together with an account of the Templars and the romantic but tragic Children's Crusade. But one is a little disappointed that the chronicler stops short and fails to rehearse the story of the expedition against Constantinople and of the crusades of the Emperor Frederick II and Saint Louis. Nevertheless, the book will be especially welcome to those persons who like their history served to them in a particularly enticing dish.

We That Are Left, by Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

MRS. CLARKE has introduced a new variant of the eternal triangle in We That Are Left. Alison Kent, daughter of an impoverished baronet, marries the elderly Clyde Delarode whom she does not love in order to further her devotion to her brother, Aubrey. The latter, a neurotic weakling since a bomb during a London air raid wrecked his nursery, stands between her and the awakening and proper fulfilment of her love for Delawde. Although the author is repetitious and heavy handed in her development of this situation, and despite the overexaggeration of the three principals' difficulties, it holds a deep interest.

Mystery of the East Wind, by Dwight Marfield. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

IF THE numerous detectives and investigators of the murder of Steve Bryson had devoted less time to capturing Chinese butlers, Greek bootleggers and Basque girls and unearthed the explanation of why he was in Anne Coleman's apartment, no mystery would have existed. This, however, would have ended the book before the third chapter. For those who like red herring or who bring no deductive mind to the reading of detective stories, the story will provide some minor thrills.

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The Great White Silence, by Louis-Frédéric Rouquette; translated by O. W. Allen and A. Le Rebeller. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE comparison between the writings of Jack London and this book by M. Rouquette suggested by the publishers need not seriously engage one's attention after one has read little more than a few hundred words of The Great White Silence, since obviously the resemblance is confined entirely to choice of subject—the Yukon countries made romantically familiar to all who run. The restrained exuberance of M. Rouquette's book, its gentlemanly deportment in a novel milieu is French; its quiet acceptance of movement as an end in itself is of the present, or rather, of the immediate yesterday which overlaps with the reactionary tomorrow of reflection, investigation and declaration to encompass the present, and its style the impersonal, unreflective manner which Paul Morand has most acceptably made to translate a world in which questions of moralty and ethics exist only as a fourth dimension supplied by the reader. Beginning as a novel, it becomes in turn a series of informative articles, sketches, essays, depositories of observation: its final form is indeterminate. What not inconsiderable virtue it possesses arises from a sense of immediacy of experience it arouses through vivid and clipped description.

The Story of Ireland's National Theatre, by Dawson Byrne. Dublin: The Talbot Press. $2.50.

SUCH adventures as have fallen to the lot of the Abbey Theatre players are of universal interest. Few theatrical endeavors have been more widely discussed, and few indeed are of such importance to the historian of modern drama. In the present book Father Byrne (for the author is a priest) has chronicled the small talk as well as the more sedate memorials. It is history seen through loving eyes, but its veracity is the greater because of affectionate concern with every detail. There are full-length discussions of Yeats, Synge and Sean O'Casey; carefully compiled lists of the actors; and engrossing first-hand impressions of theatre-going Dublin. One's only regret is that the author let himself be coaxed into adding a list of Little Theatres in America, the utility of which is exceedingly dubious. In almost every other respect the volume seems not merely the best account of the Abbey Theatre yet written, but also one of the very best essays in literary criticism to have come from Ireland. Its spirit is always courteous and discriminating, and its subject-matter merits sympathetic study.

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